

the CANE TOAD times

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HOT SUMMER ISSUE



Noela Hills

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TOADS IN HEAT

JANUARY 1987

the ECCENTRIC VOICE

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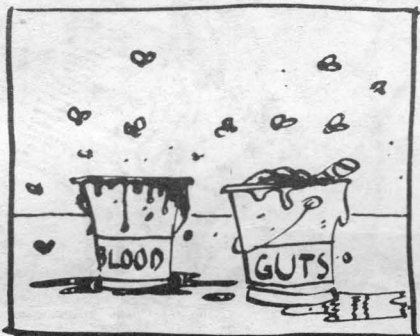


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Toads in Heat seemed like a good idea at the time. You may not realise it, but it's hot in Queensland, so we thought: general summer reading. No theme, open slather. Whoops! You guessed it, everybody had their own hot, summer story. We got enough for three issues. Pity it's not summer all year round.

So don't blame us if you find summer stories subtly changed for the next theme, Cars and Romance. We're all fired up and rarin' to go, so we need your inspired contributions sooner than yesterday. And not your fourth rate leftover, rejected everywhere, once in a life attempt at highschool satire either, we want your top quality stuff. Sit down and write/ draw/ photo something *really* good, because you're our kind of people. Don't be pathetic, do it!

By the way, this is the Bubbles Bathhouse memorial issue. Our southern readers may be wondering just what Bubbles Bathhouse is. Well sadly, it is no more. And we're still not going to tell you about it. Oh, all right. You know those places that we don't have in Queensland where people go to throw craps and spend money on roulette tables? Yes, Bubbles Bathhouse was a seedy gambling den thinly disguised as a cheap bordello. So what happened? We have it on reliable authority that Bubbles was closed to make way for a new seedy gambling den disguised as an expensive bordello, just up the road. Rumour has it that the ever helpful Queensland police closed off a major arterial road for four hours, while the owners took the roof off the old Bubbles building and lowered in a large gaming table with a crane. There are many other stories about Bubbles. Excuse us now, we're just going down there to get them.

Hey you know, we don't just hibernate between issues. We've got a media empire to build. While you were busy chortling over the last issue *Toadshow*, the *Over-Achiever*, put on *Hound of Music*, a whiz-bang, all-singing, all-dancing musical extravaganza with a heck of a big cast. And we'd like to thank Apple right here and now for lending us a Mac Plus computer to co-ordinate the biggest theatre company in Australia at the time. If you didn't have a spare moment to zip up to Brisbane to see the show, don't worry, you can still buy the T-Shirt, and the video, and the autographed programs, and the poster, and several of the actors. Hard sell? We're talking media-magnatesville.

Just the other day, at a top level executive Toad meeting we thought: "We can't let Brisbane lurch into Murdoch Media Monopoly. Heck why not - The Daily Toad." Go ahead Rupert, make my lunch. Talking takeovers, one morning last week, we woke up and found we'd been merged into a media empire of faceless Toads. Toad Holdings Pty. Ltd (yes, it's a real company - we did a little investigating of our own) now has a monopoly on satire and half shares on all the puns in Australia. Do you think this is fair? Do you think this is funny? It's no laughing matter. We don't just merge with anyone. At least not on the first offer.

But have we gone soft? Fuck no, you fascist turkeys, we may be Toads but we're not toadies. We've never toad the line before and we're not starting now. We'll still keep printing a fatal cocktail of unfettered blasphemy, tasteless obscenity, and asinine puns - and those fat-cat mono-national bastards at Toad Holdings can take the rap now.

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Third Stone From The Sun

It ain't the meat it's the motion. It ain't what you do it's the way that you do it. Or to put things in an Australian perspective, when you're hot, you're really fuckin' hot.

Ever finger tested the iron you thought wasn't on, picked up the saucepan that was approaching white heat, backed into a load of hot fat/tea? Depilated your feet on the unbelievably hot beach sand, had bitumen stuck on your thongs, suffered third degree burns from a vinyl carseat/steering wheel? No? Then slide back into your air-conditioned box right now! I hope you get Legionnaire's Disease.

I love the smell of rotten milk in the carton in the afternoon, but if you can't figure out where the flies are coming from, check out the dead dog/cat/possum/rat in the roof, under the house, in the long grass or behind the fridge.

Ever hit yourself in the face trying to kill a mosquito, stepped on a big cockroach/maggot/Xmas beetle or been stuck to the wet spot? I thought so. Now please put the garbage outside before a really horrible insect flies in your mouth or up your nose and makes you forget where that smell is coming from.

I felt like the third stone from the sun, only I'd passed that little milestone more than half an hour ago, so by now I felt like a heater salesperson wearing a plastic bag doing a demonstration of the 5000 Watt model in a sauna outside an iron foundry on the hottest day of the year. Hot? Mate, you should've been here yesterday.

Between Mildura and the South Australian border could well be the hottest place on earth, or at least it seemed like it back then in the Summer of 19..... The old memories are a bit hazy, still, it's flat and mostly featureless, and so was the country I was trying to get away from. The overall picture had colour added by itinerant red and grey soils - it blows the way the wind blows because most of the vegetation, like the local population, has been - or has - cleared out.

Being on the road is never as good as seeing it at the movies. It takes a lot longer. Especially in Australia, where the thought "how far is it to civilization?" occurs much more frequently than say, Europe. When you get to one of these white outposts, you have to check to see if there is a way out. If the sun has gone down, hiding is always an option, but never hide near a pub/car/snake pit; all three guarantee loss of limb, if not life.

So my thumbs have been poking a useless hole in the air for the last five hours, I've walked so far from the edge of town that I'm now in the middle of nowhere, and those visions of Easy Rider lifestyles have long since vanished. Sundown. A misnomer. The Sun has gone but the heat remains the same. Meanwhile the background level of the bush, camouflaged during the day by roadblast, goes all quiet. If something hears you moving around out here you can be sure that it's going to kill you.

Offroad, the soil turns to powder as you tread artfully through, the tree branches snap at the slightest pressure, your heart beats faster in this seared universe, yet this is the place where you must sleep tonight. That's when you notice, down low to the ground, that "laying down with the creatures of the fields" not only means "fucking horses" but coming to terms with lots of big ants.

A sound resembling the soft padding of a mutated creature jolts you instantly awake - no, it's not daylight - it's moonlight; light nonetheless that allows

truck drivers to switch off their headlights and cruise at 90 miles an hour following a silver ribbon cut across the flat black and blue stillness. Adrenaline rushes. Headlines, "Lone Hitchhiker's Mutilated Body Found, Killer Beast Strikes Again", form in your brain.

Slowly uncloset your eyes and look around: a rabbit jumpglides past the field of vision. Dustpuffs trace its path. Thank the God of Hitchhikers - whoever that is - it wasn't a big goanna or a snake. I mean, you can always punch out a rabbit. So you sleep with both eyes open and wait for sun-up.

The next day. It's hot, and you know it's going to get hotter. By 6 o'clock it's 90°. At the crossroads it's been five hours - the road now liquefies and runs into the dirt, leaving a wavy residue that burns your skin from ten feet away. No one stops. Again. Heatstroke is looking like a viable option, as the wind emanating from the afterburner of that same devil's kitchen blasts the trees and shrubs into stick figures and superheated air invades your lungspace. But look at this - it's a bus, and it's stopping. It stops. The doors open.

I say "I'm hitching, not paying," (I suppose I should say I hate capitalism and paying for a ride is like bombing Cambodia). He says "That's OK, it's not a real bus." I get in. I sit up front. The bus rolls off and after about half an hour it still hasn't got over 30 miles an hour. Outside, like inside, metal things are getting quite warm to touch; the air, full of red dust, refracts the sun so that earth and sky disappear and merge into a 500 watt incandescent bulb. Everything is drying. "Oh, I can only go this fast because it's a South Australian bus, it's too wide, or too long, or something. It's the law."

Talk about a slow boat from Vietnam. Wombats are keeping up with us, rabbits I saw last week in Perth

THIRD STONE

are passing us, and cars and trucks! Suffice it to say we were being sucked up and hosed off by diesel, high-roof HiAce vans, driven by octogenarians in hats, in second gear with the handbrake on.

Now we're in a storm - no rain, no thunder, no clouds, no storm? Only the wind is the bit in between the willy willies that tear and shift the dust and topsoil into a Jackson Pollock style situation; the wind chill factor is +50°C. The bus lumbers on. Vehicles blast past at light speed. Two days ago, pounding down the highway in an open Monaro at a hundred miles an hour for four hours with two army types we slowed to 50 for a one house, two pub, highway patrol town. You feel you could just get out and walk it.

It's about this time I sold out to the giant multinationals and wished absentmindedly that progress wasn't such a bad thing after all; if Dr Klaus Von Shimmelpennick or Chuck Polowski - or whoever it was - slaved away for years inventing airconditioning, why should I kick sand in their compressors, or blow hot air over their condensers? But no - there is no air conditioning in here, and the by now liquefying bus driver is but a pool of uniform lava, his smouldering hands burnt tightly to the wheel. The machine, aware of my airconditioned fantasy, grows more determinedly hotter, and plods on at one with Cliff Young and Mahatma Ghandi. I drink water. It is good. But it is warm, almost hot, like water through the backyard hose; not the bit that comes through first that'll burn your lips off, but the next bit.

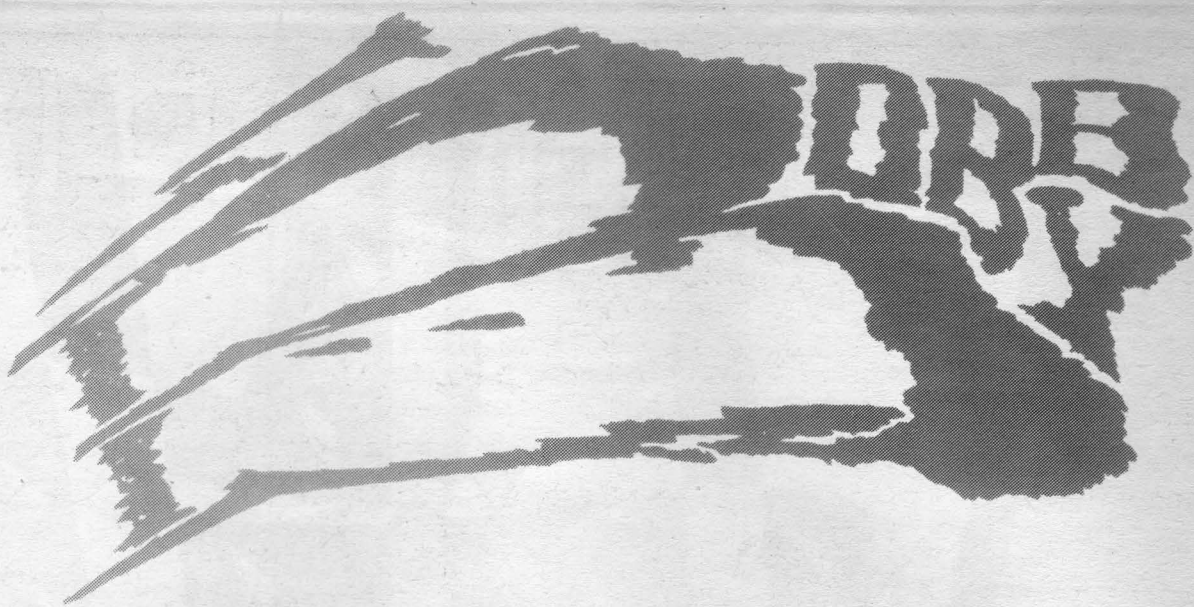
By now the red grey dust and highway filth is feeling quite at home in the bus - the snot factor is also high; thank DNA for nose hairs. Each lowrise now will herald Mildura, I tell myself for the hundredth lowrise - there's a lot to be said for more highrise landscapes but perhaps that's its charm. White people don't belong out here, I surmise, otherwise there'd be lots more than there are. I tell the land I'm only passing through. It reminds me that no one is innocent. Especially not today. I wonder if it was like this on the bus to Auschwitz, a tractor to the holocaust, a heatseeking missile that's found itself.

The horizon has now completely disappeared - luckily roads are black and the only things around for miles that look like roads. No moving thing that calls this place home jumps out in front of us, we'd have three days to turn the wheel before we got to it anyway.

It seems that I've time on my sweaty palms to reflect on Einstein's theory that the faster you travel the more compressed time and mass become. Hey presto - instant fountain of youth. This is some encouragement. I calculate I have shaved .0063 seconds off my life; a good lift tomorrow could see me travelling back a day by the year 2097; unfortunately the effects of heat and dust upon my respiratory and cooling systems would seem to cancel out these positively encouraging signs of cranial activity.

I lapse back into a dumb stare. All non vital bodily functions shut down, and I contemplate the British sailor boys who found out in the Falklands that having a ship with an aluminium superstructure is not a very good guarantee against being burnt to death by the side effects of a reasonably well pointed Exocet. And, as my present travelmode literally oozed aluminium, I made another calculation. With a ten degree rise in atmospheric temperature we were set to become the first self combusting, world's biggest BBQ on wheels, charcoal fire starters included. Luckily even at 30 miles an hour, you eventually get somewhere. To the end. Where this is.

JOHNNY LA RUE



The Post War Boom saw my Mum and Dad move to a weatherboard house in Camp Hill with a tiled roof, a verandah with 180 degree views and a chookhouse with a ratproof concrete floor. Probably the only council approved chookhouse on the whole south side.

This was the time when Human Achievements reached new heights. Hillary and Tenzing climbed Everest, the Russians shot sputnik into space and Roger Bannister broke the 4 minute mile.

But for a generation of Camp Hill kids the greatest achievement of the 50s was the day Bobby Skurm rode his skateboard down the Western slope of Camp Hill.

Now if you don't know Camp Hill let me explain. Coming from the city, along Old Cleveland Road after you've passed the Princess Alexandra Home for Crippled Children, or as it's now known, the Coorparoo School of Food, the road slowly begins its ascent. At this stage you don't realise that the gradient is going to steadily increase so that by the time you reach the top you feel something of the exhilaration that Hillary and Tenzing must have felt as they looked out on the roof of the world.

This hill is so steep that late night trams would jolt us from our sleep as they screeched their way up the precipice.

Little wonder then that Bobby Skurm walks tall in the memory of a generation of Camp Hill kids.

There'll be some cynics amongst you who'll say that skateboards weren't around in the 50s. Well, you're wrong. It might be true that BIG BUSINESS didn't discover skateboards until the 60s and then bastardise the art by building sprung-wheeled, wide-bodied, cushion-fronted atrocities that you could actually turn corners on. But back in 1959 every kid in Camp Hill had somehow managed to find an old roller skate, saw it in half, and bolt it to a broken paling from their backyard fence.

Bobby Skurm pioneered this manufacturing process, albeit a little uncertainly, for it was well known that Skurmie's skateboard was prone to swerve alarmingly to the right. This was a handicap he could well have done without as he surveyed the left hand bend that begins Camp Hill's downward slide towards Coorparoo.

So sometime in October 1959 on a sunny Saturday afternoon when most of our Dads and some of our Mums were at Doomben Racecourse, Bobby Skurm unassumedly prepared to make his mark on our little part of the world.

Now don't get me wrong. This wasn't something that just happened without great courage, sacrifice and ambition.

For Bobby and his little brother Billy had made many attempts at "the Big Hill in Old Cleveland Road" only to see them end in inglorious leaps from their boards, normally outside Dr Birchley's surgery. On most of these occasions their legs had failed to attain the velocity necessary to match the inertia of their head and shoulders, and they had sustained many severe lacerations and bruises as they sprawled over the unsealed gravel road bed that lay between the narrow strip of bitumen and the concrete gutter at the edge of the footpath.

The rest of us were merely audience; either chicken of the awesome nature of the task, or in my case shit scared that if my Mum ever found out about it she'd attack me with the wrong end of the fly swat again.

So, opposite Standfests Corner Store we waited, ready to render first aid to the hapless dare devils as they failed yet again...

I'll never forget the look in Bobby's eye as he passed us, for the grimace, which he wore as he came around the left hand bend in anticipation of re-opening his gravel-rashed knees, had changed into a look of sublime all knowingness.

When we caught him up at the bottom of the hill we all stood silently in a circle for what must have been two minutes. Finally Bobby Skurm's voice broke the spell: "Let's go and play cricket".

We walked quietly back to the newly laid cinder park that covered the gully in Tarana Street.

A few years later when the Beatles returned from Nepal and spoke of mystical experience I was one of the first to understand, for I had seen Bobby Skurm transcend from the mundane world on his skateboard down the Big Hill in Old Cleveland Road.

About a year after that Skurmy's Mum and Dad split up and his Mum went to live with a bloke up in Darwin who Bobby didn't really get on with. So the last I heard of him he'd left home at the age of 14 and had a job on the railway somewhere up around Mackay.

DENIS PEEL



THE KILLER GREELY STORY

PART V

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FOR THOSE WHO MISSED THE BOAT... THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HAS MYSTERIOUSLY FAILED AND THE OTHER INMATES ARE HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS OF GREELY'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH ETC ETC ...NOW READ ON...



THE PRISONERS HURL ABUSE AT KILLER GREELY, THE FIRST PERSON EVER TO WALK BACK TO DEATH ROW.

...AND YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY!

HEY GREELY! THAT'S A ONE-WAY STREET!

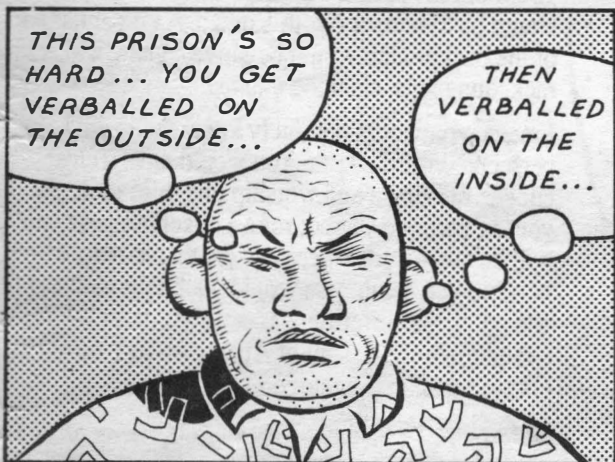
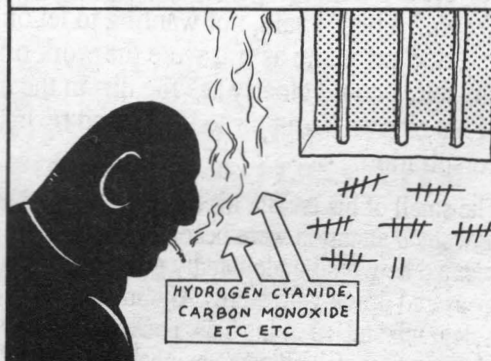


HEY KILLER! WHAT HAPPENED?

DID YA SLEEP IN?

HAW! HAW!

BUT THE CRUEL TAUNTS SOON GIVE WAY TO WEEKS OF SILENCE...



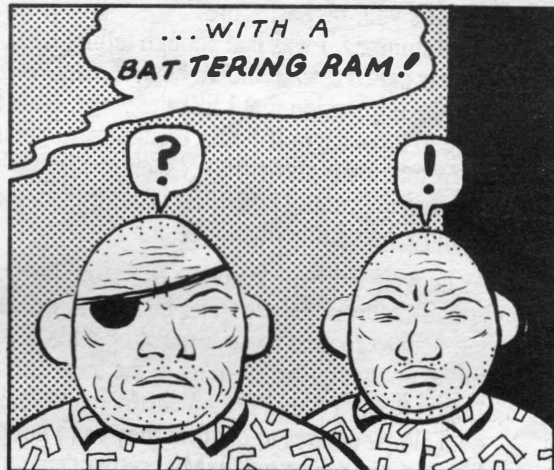
BUT THINGS AREN'T SO QUIET IN THE NEXT CELL AS THE CONVERSATION INEVITABLY TURNS TO... JAILBREAK!



SUDDENLY, THE PROFESSOR, WHO RARELY SPEAKS, INTERRUPTS.

WAIT! THERE'S A FOURTH WAY!

...THROUGH THE WALL...



...WITH A BATTERING RAM!

AND THEN, AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF PERPLEXED SILENCE...



CONTINUED

Denying the Faith

We were minding our own business, sitting outside Stewart's department store at Stone's Corner. It was a hot Saturday arvo. We were minding our own business, but he came over. He was big and aggressive. He had that cheeky look that was obligatory for state school kids. He'd probably just finished a hot, dusty cricket game, or some act of wanton destruction or cruelty. Most likely hurling stones at the waterfowl in the creek behind the library.

"Youse play cricket?" My brother didn't reply. Someone had to. "Yeah... a bit," I said, not wanting to let on that I detested the game as if it were the work of Satan himself. I could clearly see the dirt in the creases of his elbows being turned into mud by his perspiration.

The smell of his breath, his flushed face, and his unwanted attention were becoming oppressive. It seemed he would undoubtedly grow up to be a fawn-trousered drunk with a grey Akubra, and a rolled up Telegraph stuffed in his back pocket. There was a virtual army of such persons inhabiting the suburbs of Brisbane during my childhood. Their main duty was to startle and terrify me by stumbling violently and suddenly from the doorway of the pub, just as I walked past.

Like creatures of the netherworld, they would reach out with hairy arms from the stale atmosphere of beer, urine and vomit. With their bloodshot eyes barely focusing on my frail form, they would clutch and grab and try to drag me below, into their pit of horror and despair. I would sidestep, heart beating fast with fear. Then, to my relief, I would realise they weren't after me at all as I saw them embrace the familiar stability of a lamp post. As far as I knew, to become one of these eyeless, legless soldiers was the natural fate of state school kids.

"What's your highest score?" I was stumped. I was bad enough telling what my parents called a white lie in the first place, to give him the impression that I like the game. Now I would have to lie outright if I didn't want my inquisitor to know that my highest cricket score was a duck. For that was the truth. I had never made one single run in all those hated school matches.

As he waited for my reply, he exercised his bowling arm. The dirt in the crease of his elbow seemed for a moment to contain more menace than his voice as he rolled imaginary balls out on to the tram lines of Logan Road. I found myself instinctively feeling my own elbow creases to confirm they were not dirty, like his. I began to sweat. My brother came to the rescue.

"What's yours?" he asked, pretending to be engrossed in a monopoly game in Stewart's window. "I asked youse first."

"We don't have to answer if we don't want to," said my brother, nonchalantly. I was glad someone knew about rights and obligations.

"What are you, chicken?" His bowling action slowed to a threatening halt.

"It's none of your business," I said with growing confidence. I had once heard the saying used in the playground to stunning effect, and never thought I would ever get the chance to repeat it. The perfect way to defend your right to privacy without getting your nose bloodied. Yes, we had this hooligan beaten, I was sure.

I looked to my brother for some sort of congratulation, but his feigned indifference had taken

him a few steps away, looking at a display of grey cardigans. Hardly convincing.

But the intruder's aggression was not abating. He came closer. Up to now he had just been an average suburban kid hanging about on a lazy Saturday afternoon, trying to make conversation with a couple of other kids whom he presumed were pretty much like himself. We could have simply answered his questions with the same sort of aggressive indifference he showed us, and he might have gone on his way.

But it was not to be.

"Tell me what your highest score is," he insisted. He leaned towards me, put his finger under the shoulder strap of my singlet, and pulled it up. The bottom of



SALLY HART

I had expected the path of heroism to be brightly lit, signs pointing the way. The persecutors would at least be dressed in military uniforms.

my singlet came out of my shorts. He let go, but noticed the brown cord of my scapular round my neck. He fished it out and sneered at the tag on the end of it. He put two and two together.

"You a Catholic, mate?"

The moment of truth. It didn't matter very much if I misrepresented my interest in cricket, or mouthed the utmost nonsense about the mundane affairs of everyday life. But this was not such a matter. This was the fundamental Yes or No. This was the moment after which the cock's crow would take on more significance than the condemnation of the highest earthly court. The moment that would lead to either perdition or the most ecstatic rapture of martyrdom. This was the moment the priests and nuns and the catechism had been preparing me for, all my eight long years.

This was affirming, or denying, the faith itself.

I didn't deliberate long. No sooner had he posed the fateful question, "You a Catholic, mate?", than I answered "nah..."

I hardly knew what I was saying or why, at the time. All I knew was that I was being stood over by a big, rough, sweaty state school kid who might hit me if I answered yes. The simplest was to avoid being hit, or worse, was to say no.

He mumbled some profanity, contemptuously flicked the tag at the end of my scapular with his grubby fingers, and suantered off, practising some bodyline bowling at the motorman of a passing tram.

I was safe for the time being. I had discovered the principle of keeping out of trouble. I had learned the great lesson of expediency. It was indeed the moment of truth.

I turned to my brother with an air of smug satisfaction. But his didn't look pleased as he walked up to me.

"Did you say you weren't a Catholic?"

"Yeah, but I..." My voice trailed off. I was overcome with confusion and guilt. As soon as I tried to excuse myself, I knew I had done wrong. My stomach and my bowels were in turmoil.

I hadn't recognised persecution when it came to me. I had expected it to be different. I had expected the path of heroism to be brightly lit, signs pointing the way. The persecutors would at least be dressed in military uniforms, speaking in thick foreign accents. To fill out the profile the nuns had given me, they would be Slavic, or North Korean. An essential part of the background would be knives, guns, whips, the rack, dungeons, clanking chains.

I mean, you would definitely know you were being persecuted for the faith. You would have a clear choice: fall down and worship this false idol, and your life will be spared; refuse to submit, and you will be taken out to meet your death. No matter how horrible that death, you would walk to it with dignity, and when the suffering was over, you would be taken straight into the bosom of Abraham. You'd even be allowed to skip purgatory.

But a state school kid on a Saturday arvo, five minutes walk from the parish church? How was it possible to recognise persecution there? How was it possible to know which false idol I was being asked to genuflect to?

All my attempts to justify my denial were hollow. I stood accused and condemned. An object of public shame.

"I thought he might hit me," I protested weakly. Did I hear a rooster crowing somewhere beyond Logan Road?

"He wouldn't hit you," said my brother. His scapular was well hidden under his singlet. He wasn't close, like I was, to the threat.

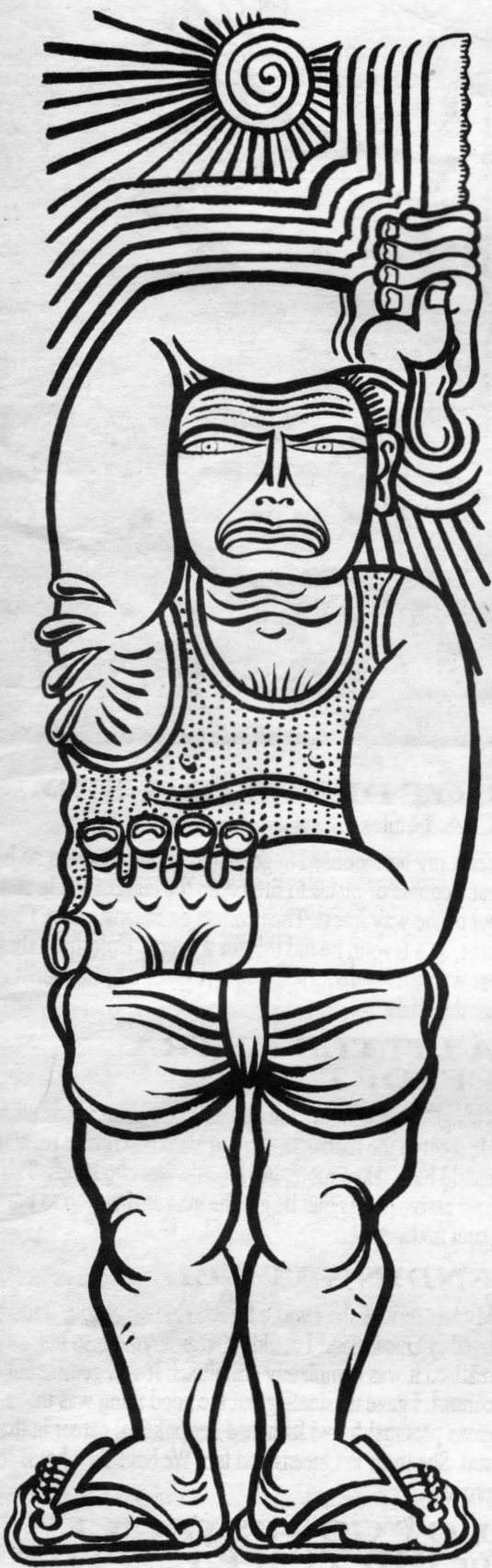
"Come on," he said, "Mum'll have tea on soon."

Compared with torture and death on the rack, I had got off pretty lightly. But as we walked home along that very public footpath, following that unlikely tormentor for some distance on the opposite side of the road, there was pain enough. He caught sight of us as he turned off and gave us one last contemptuous sneer before going home, where his Mum was probably also getting tea ready. As he faded out of sight I knew my public shame would die away as well. But my private guilt had yet to run its long instructive course.

Years later I was standing with many other believers on a public footpath outside an electricity depot in Taringa, where scabs were trying to break a strike. As the uniformed men approached us, I knew that it was not only possible, but also essential, to refuse to worship the false idol.

ERROL O'NEILL

The Psychology of Summer



SUMMERTIME... AND THE LIVING ARE CRAZY

It's summer. Those hot sweaty days have come round again, and you feel like a mad dog, or an Englishman, or both! For breakfast! Careful with that axe, Eugene.

How do you feel? All dressed up and no-one to attack? It's hot. The sun is beating down, and it's *beastly* hot. So are you. Someone reaches past you, accidentally touches your arm.

"Uh, sorry..." you hear, from the shapeless blob beside you.

But are you going to leave it at that?

No way! You punch the fucker!

Next thing you know you're down on the floor with half your teeth knocked out and your head caved in.

Six months later, in the depths of winter, you're plenty remorseful about it all. Why is it that when the days get longer and the hot gets hotter you transform from your mild mannered self into a slobbering psycho?

Why indeed. And to find out, you start looking through the Psych abstracts down at the local library. There must be an answer. Slowly the facts and figures about that torrid time of tropical fatigue are revealed, the time when beach parties erupt and temperatures flare. *The Psychology of Summer...*

Is it true? Are we human beings so susceptible to seasonal variation as it seems? In these days of air conditioning and thermally controlled, buy-now pay-later mini-ecosystems, surely we are beyond the grasp of summer's sweaty fingers.

GOING TROPPO

Apparently not, according to David Michael and Doris Zumpe, writing in *Social Biology* on "Annual Rhythms in Human Violence and Sexual Aggression in the United States and the Role of Temperature". We are still, they believe, victims

Unlike rape and assault, murder showed no seasonal variation, for either hot or cool climates! Yep, it happens all year round. Never mind the weather, let's just go and kill someone.

of the "Thermic Law of Crime", a fairly bizarre 19th century theory which held that summer, by increasing peoples' "irritability" and "vitality", thus led to an increase in "crimes against the person".

These crimes of murder, assault, rape and rebellion were duly noted by the grand-dad of "moral statistics" Adolphe Quetelet in a letter to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

"Who does not know that the severities of winter, by multiplying wants, cause in society a great number of crimes against property, while they deaden the passions, which again wake with more ardour and danger at the return of spring, and during the heats of summer? It is then that we see acts of violence break out, that revolt is organised and spread with more rapidity, - that our intelligence, to ready to exalt itself, overleaps the last limits of reason."

In other words: "Keep the people down in summer, Dukey boy, they're liable to go troppo! It even happens to us! Remember what we did that hot day in the chicken house? I blush to think of it!"

The upshot of all this, according to Michael and Zumpe, is that despite social and cultural restraints and air-conditioned trains, we're still the same brutal thugs we were in the 19th century. Or as Michael and Zumpe put it, the figures:

"...appeared to indicate that the timing and magnitude of the annual changes in assaults and rapes in the modern United States... are influenced by the annual temperature rhythms (or the behaviour and temperature changes are influenced by some common factor) since it would be difficult to conceptualise a mechanism by which the behavioural changes could influence temperature."

We've used the bold script there to highlight the quaint sense of humour these psychologists have. Are they really suggesting they looked at the possibility that if some thuggish meathead went out and beat up on his mates or brutalised some women, it would make the temperature go up? Ho Ho Ho. Of course not. This is just the witty cut and thrust of academic articles. I haven't laughed so much since my leg fell off.

THE RHESUS FACTOR

A lot of time went into researching rhesus monkeys and their behaviour patterns for their article, it appears. Apparently rhesus monkeys do a good seasonal flip out, and it shows in their testes. But Notman, writing in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, suggested that Michael and Zumpe, in this controversial area of speculation, really shouldn't count so much on the seasonal variation of testosterone in rhesus monkeys as a guide to human behaviour.

Rhesus Schmesus. This is serious. I've had a look at Zumpe's figures, and OK, I might be gullible, but it looks to me as though there's a good case for keeping men locked up in the bedroom closet for the whole of summer. And not letting them out! In the 19th century figures, summer rapes in France and Germany were

50% higher than the annual mean. In modern figures, from Alabama, Arizona and so on through to Texas and Utah the figures showed a similar hot-weather blow-out. Ugly, but true.

Why is it so? Well, there's the thermic law of crime. This would suggest, however, that there was some basis for the old notion that human violence is more prevalent in hot climates than in cooler ones. Yet according to modern figures, the only type of violence following the thermic law of crime was murder.

Yes, murders do tend to be more frequent in warmer than in cooler climates. However, this might be down to the locals scragging few tourists. And who can blame them? "Let's get that guy in the Mercedes. We'll beat him to death with our begging bowls!" But unlike rape and assault, murder showed no seasonal variation, for either hot or cool climates! Yep, it happens all year round. Never mind the weather, let's just go and kill someone.

Confused? Well this all means, according to the psychologists, (and good luck to them) that rape and assault are forms of aggressive violence, influenced by temperature and perhaps the increased social interaction that summer brings, while murder is another kettle of fish altogether. What is murder then? An act of desperation? A quirk of fate? An all year round blood sport the whole family can play?

Damn! If murder isn't summer induced, there goes my plea.

"Look, it was just so hot..."

ROBERT WHYTE

It looks to me as though there's a good case for keeping men locked up in the bedroom closet for the whole of summer. And not letting them out!

It's Cane Toad confession time again. Come on admit it, everyone at some time in their life has stolen something... no matter how small. Or maybe you knowingly accepted too much change...

Let's face it: property is theft. And theft is property: someone else's. It's only theft if you get caught.

These are the true stories and we all feel better now that we've got that off our chests.

I WAS A PRE TEEN SHOPLIFTER

When I was a kid shoplifting was very popular. I can still recall the thrill of the hunt. On our way to school in the mornings the local newsagent was usually empty of shoppers, and staffed only by the owner, and he often had to duck out the back to supervise returning paperboys.

There was a competition amongst us to see who could filch the most paperbacks in one foray. From memory, the record was seven, held by my friend Greg. He didn't even bother to wait for the newsagent to leave the room.

Greg must have been born with the peripheral vision of an eagle. He would be innocently browsing through a book and soon as the newsagent took his eyes off it it would be slipped into his conveniently open schoolbag.

At the age of 12 or 13 our literary tastes were still rather base and our standard targets were gory war novels told from a german point of view by someone called Sven Hassel with titles like "Retreat to Hell". Or anything with a raunchy description on the back cover. Books featuring minimalist titles such as "I", "Me" and "Us" were especially popular.

STICKY FINGERS

The first thing I ever stole was a 5c packet of bubble gum. When I opened it I found the card inside was one I already had. I felt really cheated. I wanted to go back to the shop and exchange it.

THE BANK JOB

This guy I knew at school later held up a bank in a wig and women's clothing. But because the bank was his local branch, the teller recognised him in spite of his disguise, and gave the police his address from the bank records. The police then went around to his home and arrested him.

TRAVELLING LIGHT

Hitch-hiking to Melbourne once, I was picked up in a new BMW. The three young men in it said they'd just come from Sydney. They were kind of having a party in it. When I complimented them on their car, they told me that they'd stolen it in Sydney and were joyriding to Melbourne. I got out at the next stop.

HOT PROPERTY

One Saturday afternoon we saw the owner of a small shop near us staggering around outside his shop. It looked as if he was really drunk. He was carrying a big jerrycan and splashing liquid from it all over his shop walls. Soon afterwards, the shop mysteriously burned to the ground, and this guy lodged an insurance claim. He got five years.

I GOT OFF

It's a fair cop. I got caught by Beanpole. You know... from the kids show on TV. He had a newsagency. It was a classic. I had the books down the back of my pants. The first thing I felt was his hand on the books. We made a deal. He said "Tell your mates to stop stealing my books."



SANDRA GOLLEDGE

HOT PROPERTY

THE ONE AND ONLY

The only thing I ever stole was the whistle off a whistling kettle. You can't buy the whistles separately. I felt I was perfectly justified. I don't have any moral problems with stealing things. I tend to pay because I'm a wimp.

THE MAREEBA ONE

We were stealing a hat. The Italian storeowner was not amused. "I calla the cops! I calla the cops." We said "OK, we'll buy the hat. We'll buy the hat." We got out of town fast. We had a car full of extra goods.

LIBERATION THEOLOGY

The best things I ever stole were the presents I gave my mother for Christmas. There was a bonsai tree and a Royal Doulton figurine. They were both small and very expensive. My mother never asked any questions. She never wanted to know.

MYER LIFE OF CRIME

It started in Myers. I went with Mary to buy some travel gear. A bunch of men pushed in front of us and we couldn't get served. So we just walked straight out with the goods. Fuck them.

IT'D GIVE YOU THE SHEETS

Every time I wash the sheets I have to wait for them to dry and put them back on because the only other sheets I've got are the ones I stole. The ones in leopard skin I could never sell to my friends.

MALVERN MARAUDERS

Every Saturday we would go to the local fish and chip and order 25c worth of potato scallops. While he was cooking them we passed as much as we could grab out the door to a friend on a waiting Malvern Star.

HOT DEALS ON USED CARS

Yeah, my brother used to get bored with his cars so he just got a couple of mates to fire bomb the current one in some out of the way forest. Then collect on the insurance. One time, as a favour, he did this for a friend. Unfortunately the car was not insured. He's now a respected professional in another state.

A LITTLE EXTRA EFFORT

This guy was painting the kitchen and he ran out of paint. He went to the hardware store to steal two tins of paint. He would have taken more, but he only had two hands. The impressive part is that he got the man in the shop to tint the paint first.

ENDING IT ALL

My last serious theft was a french blue wool suit. Because I lived in Queensland I couldn't wear anything so hot, so I realised it was completely gratuitous. It was getting out of control. I gave up stealing but the good thing was that a close personal friend launched her political career in that suit. She lived in Queensland too. We have the photos to prove it.

HOT GOODS ON ICE or DID YOU PACK THE ESKY, DARLING?

We went up Mt Tambourine in a four wheel drive and then, when we got to the kiosk carpark, we decided to have a picnic. Unfortunately, we had no food. So we stole someone's esky. It had everything in it. Really good food. We even had to throw some away.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AIDS

Is God really punishing homosexuals, intravenous drug users, Haitians haemophiliacs, Queensland babies and lots of Africans for having too good a time? Why...? How...? What...? An investigation by CANE TOAD TIMES reporter Trent O'Leary (no relation) has uncovered some astounding answers.

BACK... BACK...

It was the height of the cold war, and cool young Cuban revolutionary, Fidel Castro, was getting up the nose of American President John F. Kennedy.

JFK: "Hey, you guys" (snort!) "crack down on this Fidel guy, will you?"

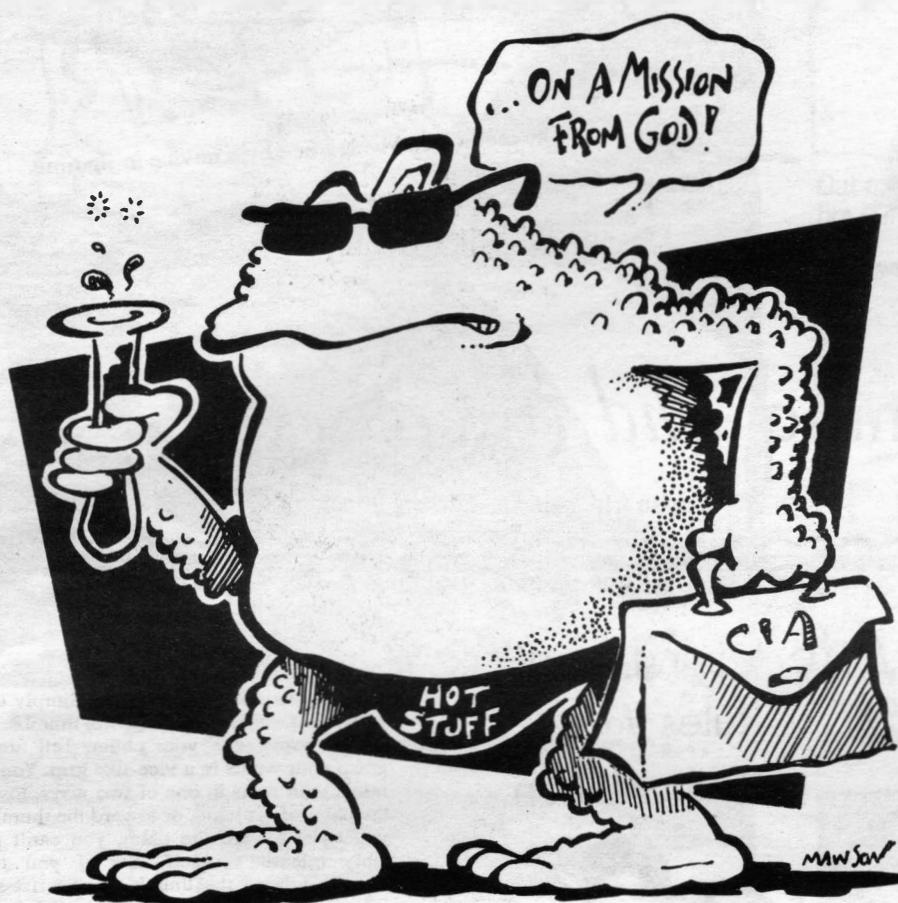
CIA: "Sure Boss!"

Ergo, The Bay of Pigs. A nice diversion, sure, but in points out of ten for invasion, a complete flop. The CIA were never keen on taking criticism, so when JFK reamed them for botching it, they had him shot.

So?... Nice history lesson, but how does this relate to AIDS? Well, the CIA were pretty busy for a few years with the Vietnam War and a few heroin trafficking operations, but they never really got rid of their grudge against Cuba. They just kept all that hate churning over and over and festering inside the CIA brain. They're like that, you know.

FORWARD... FORWARD... 1975...

The Vietnam War was over, the smack business was running nicely, that problem government in Australia was out of the way, and the CIA had time to kill (as well as quite a few people). They turned their attention back to that pesky little Caribbean island...



Since Fidel had come to power, the US had tried a few strategies to shaft the Cuban economy, but to no avail. The Cuban economy was going great guns. Selling a few too. Now, any geography student worth their equatorial climate factors knows that the Cuban economy is agrarian based, with its mainstays being sugar-cane and pigs. (They might have a bit of help from the Russians too.) But sugar-cane and pigs weren't going to get in the way of truth and justice. No way!

America's top genetic scientists were put to work to find some disease that would see Cuba's pigs cark it quick smart and in 1978 they began experiments with a virus the mere mention of which will strike terror into the heart of any hog or sow south of Morocco. A few extra bits of RNA, a couple of months of genetic engineering, and they were ready to test it out.

But then tragedy..., well, error... struck! During a test run on nearby Haiti, while at a small piggery injecting pigs a careless agent managed to spill a case containing the entire supply of the virus... and just to prove that Murphy's law was still in force, the scientist who had developed the mutant strain of African Swine Fever died a few weeks

later, mysteriously, of a rare form of pneumonia. The secret of manufacturing the mutation was lost!

Meanwhile back on Haiti: the home of Voodoo... Zombies... Voodoo dolls... Papa Doc and all that... As you know, blood sacrifice is all the go in Voodoo rituals, often with some pig, goat, or cane toad getting its throat slit... human lacerations... the mixing of blood...

As you'd expect, a tough and hardy critter like the cane toad isn't going to get killed off by no pissy little virus like AIDS. But they can be carriers of the disease.

FORWARD... FORWARD....

Balmy tropical nights, Pina Coladas, irresistible Haitian good looks... and the medical profession soon found that unusual forms of hepatitis and pneumonia and a particularly ugly little cancer known as Kaposi's sarcoma were sending more than a few young American men to the great bath-house in the sky.

SO HOW DID AIDS GET TO AUSTRALIA?

Funny you should ask... Our investigators have in fact traced it to a particular Haitian cane toad (named Lionel) that managed to escape a voodoo ritual with only a few cuts and scratches. But not

before some contaminated blood had mixed with its own! As you'd expect, a tough and hardy critter like the cane toad isn't going to get killed off by no pissy little virus like AIDS. But they can be carriers of the disease.

Through a bizarre chain of events, far too lengthy to detail here, this particular cane toad ended up on a container load of fine Columbian cocaine, bound for Australia. Great buzzing tadpoles Batman, a cocaine toad! Just for your information the cocaine was being imported by a Queensland hairdresser and a southern media magnate, but we'll deal with that next issue.

Anyhow, when the cocaine was being secretly unloaded from a boat in the Noosa River, one dark moonless night, the cane toad hopped ashore and bounced off into nearby bushland. Being a fairly randy little amphibian, it wasn't long before canetoads all over the Sunshine Coast were carrying AIDS.

Recently, the sexual proclivities of some of Queensland's better known citizens have been the subject of rumours around town, in the so called Child Pornography Scandal (CPS). Well one of those citizens, a prominent National Party politician, is known to have a fetish for sexually abusing cane toads and it so happened that in early 1981 this prominent National Party politician spent a night of impassioned

lust, hot oozing slime and debauchery with a bevy of under-age cane toads in a public toilet near Maroochydore

Of course the said politician became a carrier of AIDS, and subsequently disseminated it at a bath house on a visit to Sydney. It's also said that the recent cases of sheep now being found with AIDS relate to the exploits of that National Party politician and a certain police officer, in the filming of a somewhat woolly video at an underground studio somewhere in the Inner Western suburbs.

This article may sound a little far fetched to some, but we can assure you, the central aspects are true...AIDS similarity to swine fever, the CIA's biological experiments, the voodoo rituals, the unexplained deaths of pigs on Haiti and the National Party politician will all check out if you do the research.

In early 1981, this prominent National Party politician spent a night of impassioned lust, hot oozing slime and debauchery with a bevy of under-age cane toads in a public toilet near Maroochydore Beach.

up to the ears and

Now, gently place your face in it.

exhale.

Imagine you are trying to kick your toenails off alternately.

The method can be learned by a novice in jig time.

wimming and Exercises

with Chlorine Spa and the Blockouts

Life Saving and Rules for ... Resuscitation

Try this at home with your chum.

Suppose he grasps your wrists. Simply twist your arms sharply towards his thumbs. Try this at home with your chum. Tell him to grasp your wrists in a vice-like grip. You can move your arms in one of two ways, toward the palm of his hand, or toward the thumb. If you twist toward the palm, you can't possibly release yourself. But if you twist sharply toward the thumb, your wrist slips instantly out between his finger and thumb. He cannot hold on.

Let's suppose you're on a beach or dock side and, suddenly, you hear a cry for help from the water. What would you do? What method would you use in attempting to save him? You would probably realise that he is cramped, or that he is exhausted, which also means, at times, that he is panic stricken. Imagine you are trying to kick your toenails off alternately. In that case he is in no position to think clearly. You'll have to supply the thinking, and the simultaneous action. Stand in water about waist deep and, if a novice, hold on to water wings or some sort of device that will keep you from losing balance. The method can be learned by a novice in jig time. To prevent him from getting a hold on you, approach him from the rear. But sometimes mishaps occur, and, in spite of all your knowledge, he grasps you, and you both sink. Now, gently place your face in it, up to the ears and exhale.

Arms should be placed in front after a session at this stroke, or lamb's wool covered with vaseline. As soon as the patient begins to show signs of returning to consciousness, he should be thoroughly dried and wrapped in warm blankets, or, if these are not available, bricks, newspapers, or almost anything hot can be effectively applied at the soles of the feet, under the arms and between the legs. He may be rubbed (always towards the heart).

Arms should be placed in front after a session at this stroke, or lamb's wool covered with vaseline.

But sometimes mishaps occur, and, in spite of all your knowledge, he grasps you, and you both sink.

In that case he is in no position to think clearly.

You can move your arms in one of two ways.

The Really Empty Beach

Cliff Hardy in the Year 2000

I was dressed in long johns, a pair of thick blue serge pants, a flannel shirt, tweed overcoat, and a woollen muffler wrapped twice around my neck. Standing in the full sun outside my front door, I became aware that it was hot out here. Very hot. Why? I wondered. Of course! It was summer. Stupid me! Making a mental note to go out more often, I went back inside, changed into a pair of togs, and strapped my private investigator's license into my armpit with the 9mm Browning pistol. They might not notice.

It was January 26. Once Australia Day, now it was Memorial Australo-Bangladeshi Day. Gosh, was it three years already?

As I headed out to the Honda I reflected on the stupidity of getting into a hot car and driving round aimlessly on a day when it was going to be 52° in the shade. That's centigrade. Being senile, though, I wasn't going to let stuff like that worry me.

The sweat was popping off me. I wasn't just sweating, it was squirting out, at an angle. I should hire myself out as a soaker-hose. Hey, that was deep. And sardonic, too. Some of that rough but whimsical language. It was a trademark, like Bogey's lip.

I started the Honda Accord and took off up the sand dune towards the Toxteth Hotel. A nice, anonymous car, the Honda, apart from the caterpillar treads. Still, I rued the day I had trashed the Falcon. Remember those tail lights?

The caterpillar treads took the dune like a dream.

Inside the Toxteth, my client was waiting for me. She was dressed in a short white tennis skirt and a white blouse, towelling wristbands, and a tennis hat with a visor.

"Do you play often?" I asked her, while Harry poured me a bourbon.

"Not since the cancer started, Mr Hardy," she said. I noticed that her eyes were pink.

"Well that's enough small talk, Mrs Singer, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go down to the beach," she said, "and find someone."

"Anybody in particular?"

"Nobody in particular," she said. "Just go down to the beach and find someone. Anyone."

I drank a quart of water from the cooler.

"Anyone?" I asked again.

She leered at me with those pink eyes.

"Just make sure it's human, I don't want a muto, OK?"

"Can you explain that?" I asked, starting on my second bourbon.

"I'd rather not, Mr Hardy. Just do it."

"OK Mrs S.," I said, "3500 a day and expenses."

She shoved a bundle of rupees at me, and went back to her drink. I was dismissed.

Back in the car. I turned it towards Bondi. The beach was big these days. It stretched from Glebe to Pymble in the north, and Mildura in the south. A lot of territory to cover. But you don't take the rupees unless you're prepared to do the work. Halfway to Bondi, I was feeling the need of another drink. I'd given up cigarettes, and cut the booze down to the occasional white wine, but I still liked Gough Whitlam.

Of course in the boot there was a carton of Gitanes, a case of Johnnie Walker Black Label, a shoe box of crack, and a year's supply of methadone in case of emergencies. I rarely went to the boot more than twice a day when I was working. And of course I was still addicted to pineal gland extract in my Cornflakes.

There was the water up ahead. The sun had gone down, and the purple sky had cooled off to a pleasant 44°.

At the water's edge I parked the Honda and looked for my gun. I might not need it, but who knows. I had to cope with the brute force exercised in sleazy back streets. I was used to dealing with all sorts, from fashion models and teenaged junkies to urban developers and crooked funeral directors. But this was the first time someone had sent me out to look for a human...

With that sobering thought, I went to the boot of the car, drank two litres of whisky, and rubbed methadone all over myself.

Sunburn protection. Ahhh! That's better. I was up on my feet. What was I looking for again? I forget. Never mind.

I took a look around. The beach was empty. Really empty. Just as well. You got pretty tired of rolling back the layers of deceit and violence in the murky, violent underworld of Bondi; fighting for your life among drug addicts, prostitutes, alcoholics and prominent politicians. To tell the truth I was getting a mite tired of going up against dumb weightlifters and stepping inside a slow roundhouse right to jab them with a quick poke on the chin, one in the guts, and then a left hook that lifts them up and dumps them. And the small matter of those tough Aboriginal

The sweat was popping off me. I wasn't just sweating, it was squirting out, at an angle. I should hire myself out as a soaker-hose. Hey, that was deep. And sardonic, too. Some of that rough but whimsical language. It was a trademark, like Bogey's lip.

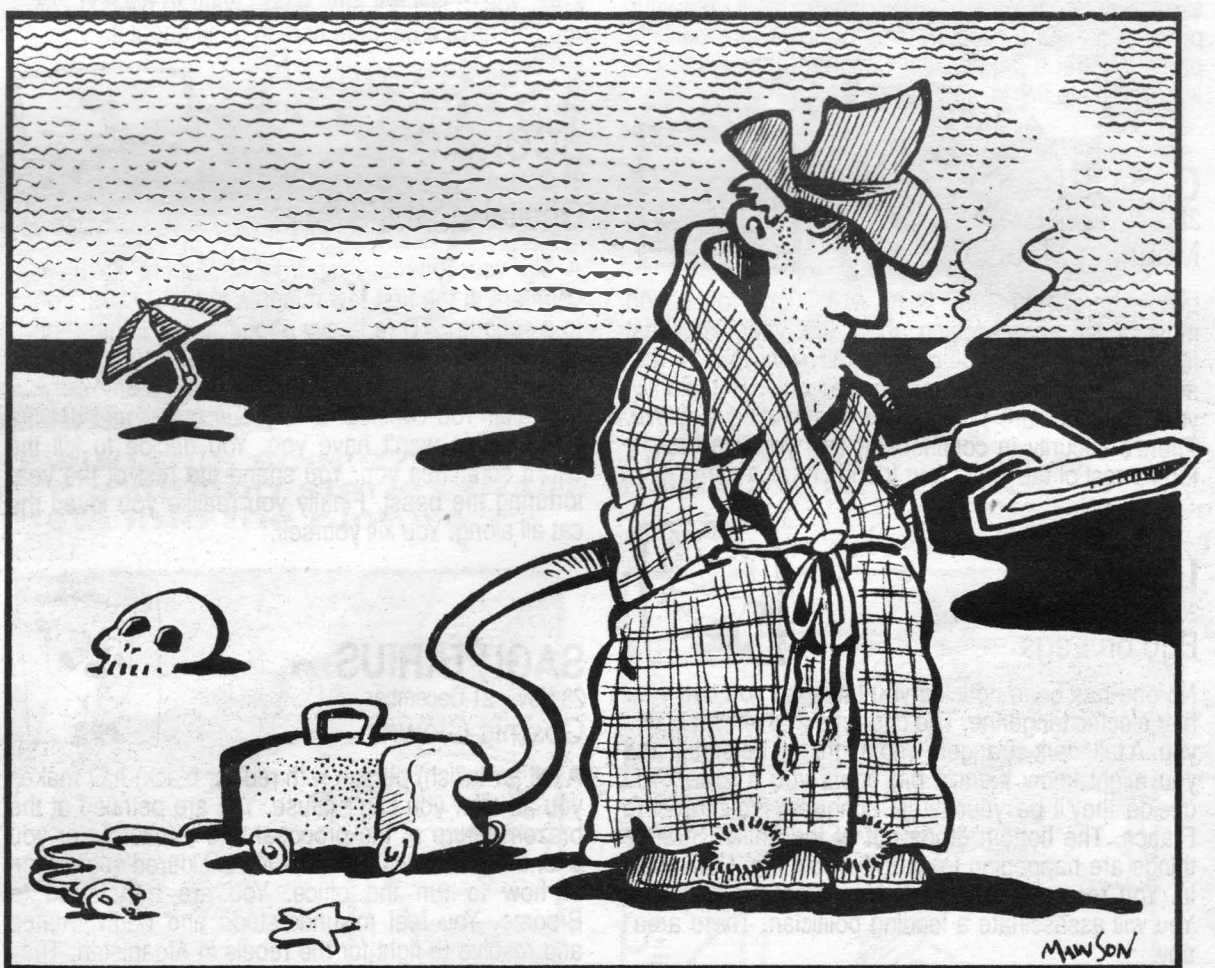
Three hours later I gave up looking for the gun, and got out of the car. As soon as I got out, I found it, strapped in my armpit. Why didn't you tell me?

Meanwhile the night had passed somehow and the sun was zipping up over the horizon, hard and white and hotter than before. A touch fluorescent too, now that you come to mention it.

It made me feel more like Bryan Brown than ever, hard and brown and wirey. But the truth was that I looked more like a piece of Gus Mercurio's pimply back. I was 62 years old and senile, with a tendency to dribble. Maybe I wasn't senile, just brain-dead.

women who smoked roll-your-owns, and their hard brown bodies and small, hard, brown breasts jutting at me from under their T shirts, or the Clovelly types with their understanding husbands. I was glad their husbands could understand them, because I couldn't.

I headed back to the car. I had thought about taking a swim, now that I was down here, but the water was extra thick with turds. I'd bash the bacteria another time. There was a fair chance that if I went home now, and had a good night's sleepy-byes, I would wake up in the morning and remember who I was working for, and what it was they wanted me to do. These things slip your mind. Annoying, really. Still, it was a nice drive. I got into the Honda and started it up. Now, if I could just remember where I lived...



HORRORSCOPE

BY KOSHER

ARIES

20 March - 20 April
Sizzling Lamb



Not a great year. The first half is favourable - you lose your temper two hundred times. Your hopes rise. The rest of the year is not so much fun. After they refuse to do exactly as you command, you lose control and murder your closest friend. You are sentenced to thirty years imprisonment. In prison you become homosexual. Your sentence is increased when you put a screw's head in a vice. The rest of the year is comparatively uneventful unless something happens.

TAURUS

21 April - 21 May
Blundering Bully



You decide the Falklands was a Thatcher trick; Nixon should have been impeached; and the Australian cricket team isn't as good as it used to be. Work is quiet. You are too slow to know what is happening around you and too insensitive to care. At a dinner party, you become so loud and boring that everyone leaves. Next day they declare you are as dull as a pimple on Greg Matthews' bottom. After a long deliberation, you remove their limbs. You get fatter.

GEMINI

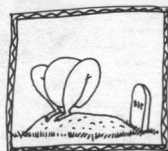
22 May - 21 June
Siamese Sleaze



The alignment of the planets is shifting house - could you bring your ute around Saturday? Things which aren't exactly like things that have happened before start to happen especially in matters of romance. Two personas meet at a party. It isn't till the middle of the next week that you realise you fucked yourself. You try to end the relationship but recognise that you are the one for you. You retire to Yass and begin cloning experiments. Interest fades when most of your progeny die. One escapes and founds a new political party. You get a job as Paul Keating's underwear, unless you have fire in your ascendant.

CANCER

22 June - 22 July
Moaning Moonie



Life is hard. And 1987 is no exception. You spend most of the year bitching about last year. Your last friend says you are full of shit. You want to stay with mother but there's no room in the coffin. Reluctantly, you leave but are pinched for desecrating a grave. There's security in confinement and you live happily for the rest of the year. Your friends have a party.

LEO

23 July - 23 August
Ego on Legs



No-one has been noticing you lately so you dye your hair electric tangerine. The dye runs and almost blinds you. A tall, dark stranger (who might not be so tall and you might know them a bit) offers you a towel. You decide they'll be your latest conquest. You travel to France. The bottom drops out of the dollar. Strange things are happening to your own bottom. Panic sets in. You resolve to do something great for humanity. You will assassinate a leading politician. There aren't any.

Have you chosen the right career, lover or colour underwear? Are you going to get love or money this year? Will you have to use one to get the other? Which one? Modern science cannot provide the answers but astrology can!

Beware of cheap imitations. Ensure your life is not sacrificed on the altar of quacks with blood oozing from various strategic points and giant gashes rendering you a mass of broken pestulent flesh. Consult the one true Astrological guide for 1987. At great expense Cane Toad Times brings you Horrorscope.

VIRGO

24 August - 23 September
Pathetic Pedant



The planets conflict and the early months are not so good. You lose a toe/finger in a mowing/boating accident and are compelled to remove the corresponding appendage from the other hand/foot. Friends criticise your stupidity. So you stay indoors cleaning. Your maiden aunt on your father's side has incurable leukemia, you offer your leg. Doctors refuse. If you want to give it away, it can't be that good. In disgust you retreat further from society by studying accountancy. You always were good with numbers, its digits that give you problems.

LIBRA

24 September - 23 October
See-saw Socialite



If you have a job, you lose it; if you don't have a job, better luck next year. But things are brewing on the romantic side. Early in the new year, someone you have had your eye on asks you to a movie. You are not sure. When you get back to them six months later, they are angry. You're not quite sure if you want to go, it's hard to choose a movie. They break a bottle on you causing massive scarring to your face and left wrist. You're still not sure if you want to go and ask if you can have a bit more time to think about it.

SCORPIO

24 October - 22 November
Genitals that ate Paris



A big year on the lust front. Frequent sexual encounters in the first few minutes of the new year lead to a serious STD (a heavy phone call?). Either tertiary syphilis or AIDS. Life is short, so you continue to run sexually rampant. Those you infected remove your genitalia. You consider a religious movement but the Rajneeshies won't have you. You decide to kill the cat. It scratches you. You spend the rest of the year torturing the beast. Finally you realise you loved the cat all along. You kill yourself.

SAGITTARIUS

23 Nov. - 21 December
Cosmic Clown



A tall (or tallish) person with red (or black) hair makes you an offer you can't refuse. You are petrified at the brazen nature of the proposal and refuse. Later you offend the boss with another ill-considered suggestion of how to run the office. You are transferred to Broome. You feel misunderstood and badly treated and resolve to fight for the rebels in Afganistan. They

misunderstand you and treat you badly and betray you to the Russians who treat you badly and misunderstand you. You realise that everyone will misunderstand and treat you badly. You hang yourself in Siberia. The Western media misunderstand the story and treat you badly.

CAPRICORN

22 December - 20 January
Cloven-hoofed Climber



The full moon in the new year brings many opportunities at work, most involve shafting trusted colleagues. You are sure they are inferior and expendable. Due to the negative reaction, you have to sleep with the boss. You are so bad the boss decides you are incompetent. After you get out of hospital, management kills one of your children. You move to advertising. The same thing happens.

AQUARIUS

21 January - 18 February
Self-obsessed Sophist



To prove you really are interesting and enlightened, you travel to Nicaragua to fight the Contras. You tell them you have come to save them from themselves. They decide you are a CIA agent. You seek exile in Honduras. A CIA agent pays you to smuggle cocaine. You keep the cocaine and spend four months making you nostrils bleed. Finally, you are busted. You start talking so the Americans do a deal with the Russians and release you. The next mission is to overthrow a socialist government in the South Pacific. You are confused. There are no socialist governments in the South Pacific. But that is next year.

PISCES

19 February - 19 March
Old Fish Head



You resolve to spend the year in meditative contemplation. Someone you hardly know says it's a stupid idea. You abandon the plan. You decide to raise lemurs instead. The lemurs think it's a bad idea. You are put off and decide to rear fish. Digging a pool, you sever a main artery in your foot. You don't notice. The pool is completed but the steep climb to the spawning tanks is too much. The fish die without breeding. You are heartbroken and sit in the dark in your room for the rest of the year, bleeding to death. No-one notices.



DEBBI BROWN

The Most Depressing LAUNDROMATS

In Brisbane

1 SPRING HILL

Spring Hill's creeping gentrification has had zero impact on this one. Even the pub across the road cannot ameliorate the pervasive ambience of despair and wretchedness.

2 WOODRIDGE

It's the attention to detail that makes the difference between plain old washday blues and full-on, one hundred and ten percent wrist-slittin' misery. Like the used bandaid lying inside the dryer on the left. If you're going to visit this one, check and see if it's still there. (The bandaid, that is.)

3 EVERTON

PARK Some people spend their entire waking lives hanging around in laundromats. These 'Speed Queen Fiends' have been known to put themselves, fully clothed, through the full wash cycle and then toss their perverted bodies into the dryer. This symbolic retreat into the warm uterine interior of the drier fascinates Freudians and repulses all decent right-thinking citizens.

4 KINGSTON

Broken ceiling fan, inadequate lighting and a total lack of ventilation make this laundromat a classic of its genre. Stray socks, nylon leopard skin jockettes and a broken machine with a tub full of greasy grey water - this place has the lot. The only non-invertebrate life form we could find amongst these noisy, rusty, alien machines was an art student with a taperecorder. "This place is dead Kafka", she said by way of explanation.

5 ZILLMERE

Don't be fooled by the number of machines. Only one of them works. The rest are functional ashtrays or ratnests. I can't remember where this one was - it could be anywhere in the world. I bet laundromats in Russia look like this.

6 INALA

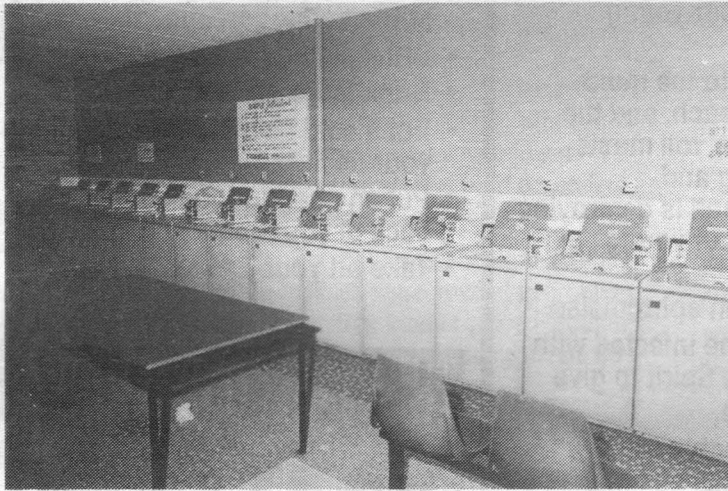
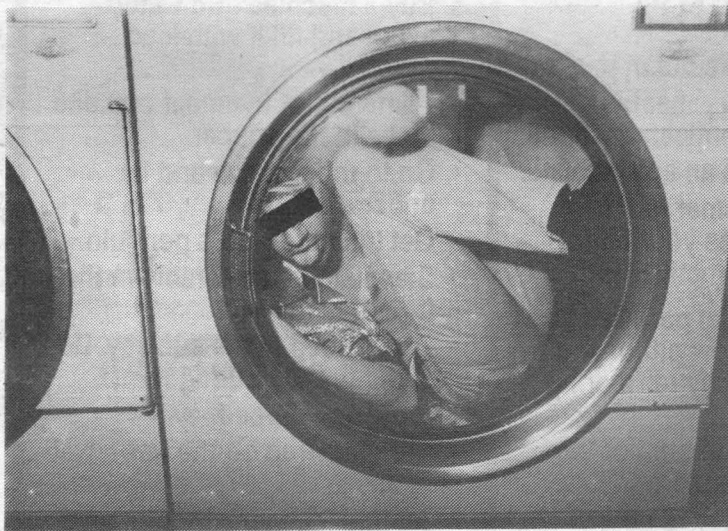
This is were they recorded sound effects for "Eraserhead". Only a DALEK would enjoy doing his washing here.

7 NEWFARM

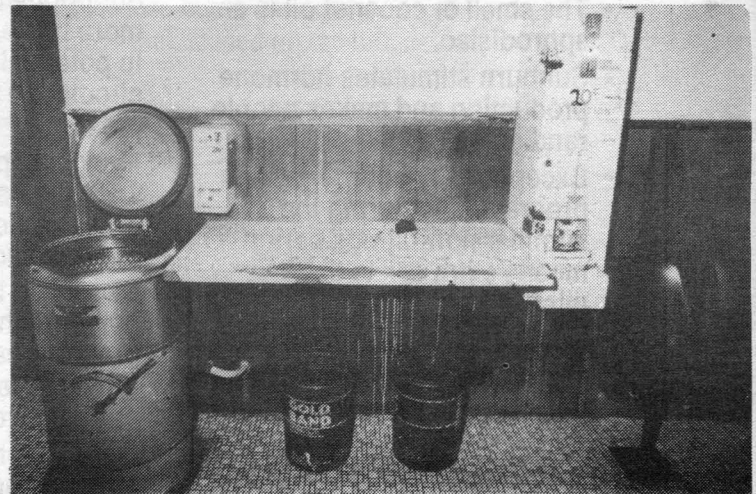
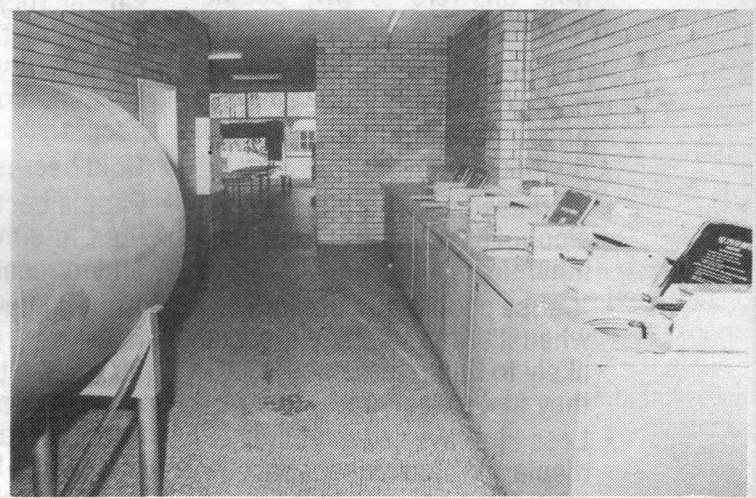
We at the CANE TOAD TIMES apologise to our more sensitive readers for these shocking scenes, but we feel that we *must bring you the truth*. Our cameraman risked his life to take the world's first photographs of the HITHERTO UNKNOWN SECRET RITUAL of WAZUMBI performed at the summer solistice at selected coin-op laundries. Note the *strange postures* of these pathetic creatures as they undergo the preparatory trance, shortly before drinking bleach and biting the heads off chickens.

8 RAINWORTH

This laundromat is one of an increasing number infested by *Feral Detergent Enzymes*. They don't attack if they're well fed but, if the loads are few and far between, they are driven to eat *anything* like the table in this photo. As a community service, the CANE TOAD TIMES warns its readers to give laundromats a swerve. At best you risk getting depressed. At worst, *digested!*



Typewriter: **Sasha Middleton**
Camera: **Peter Fischmann**
Y-Fronts: **Philip Roberts**





SUMMER EQUALS SEX

Although it may be a good way of keeping warm in the winter, the reality is that, despite the heat, people have more sex in the summer.

It's no mere coincidence that so many people have birthdays in September, October and November. But why is it that we humans should opt for getting hot and sticky rolling round with each other in the summer when, if we had any sense, we'd be trying to keep cool instead.

The Cane Toad Times Social Research Division has been conducting an extensive investigation into the reasons behind this perplexing characteristic of human behaviour.

They've come up with the following answers to why people end up "on heat" in the heat.

- The spate of office and work place Christmas parties, encourages the quick root in the back room.
- Increased consumption of alcohol in summer lowers inhibitions.
- 'Cause people go out more when it's warmer, they're more likely to bump into people they feel attracted to.
- Less clothing and a greater display of bare skin visually stimulates some people.
- The smell of coconut oil is an aphrodisiac.
- Sunburn stimulates hormone production and makes people randier.
- Exceptionally poor television programming during the summer non-ratings period means extra sex is the only alternative.
- When you're hot, you're hot.
- Working up a good sweat is a very effective way to cool down.
- If you can't sleep because of the heat, you might as well do something.

- The kids are away on holidays.
- The parents are out at parties.
- Body chemistry: heat is a catalyst in chemical reactions.
- Skin cancer is an aphrodisiac.
- Getting a summer tan possibly makes your pitiful body more attractive.
- Potential sexual partners don't notice how pitiful you are because they're wearing dark glasses.
- Ice cream is the food of the devil. It is a dangerous drug that causes lust and promiscuity and is destroying the minds of our young people.
- People listen to the radio while at the beach, and the satanic rock 'n' roll music causes lust and promiscuity, and is destroying the minds of our young people.
- Cold beer is an aphrodisiac.
- People become infected with the Christmas Spirit to give and to receive.
- Rupert Murdoch's daily newspapers use summer as an excuse to print more lurid and suggestive photos, headlines and stories, increasing the level of arousal in the voyeuristic members of our population, leading to more babies and an increase in potential readers and circulation for the Murdoch press.
- Mangoes, paw paw, watermelon, pineapple and other tropical fruits are aphrodisiacs.
- People on holidays actually get enough time to relax properly, causing their sex drives to return to their natural level.
- Gin and tonics are an aphrodisiac.

ANDY NEHL

Ways to COOL DOWN

First you whinge about wanting more of the hot stuff; now, when you've had the outrageous blowtorches of summer applied to your soft white underbellies, you're crying out for relief.

Oh, all right. Here's a few Cane Toad pointers to achieving that ineffable cool that'll have you in fashionable sweat icicles in a flash.

- Crawl under a flat rock.
- Put your sheets in the freezer.
- Put ice cubes on concrete and stand on them.
- Sit under the sprinkler.
- Go to the Library in Darwin and hang around reading old copies of the Melbourne Truth.
- Spray yourself with Freon.
- Suck nitrous oxide.
- Sit in the meat tray.
- Buy a machine gun water pistol and fill it with iced water.
- Climb out of the meat tray and go lie in the crisper.
- Go to the morgue and lie under a corpse.
- Get intimate with a penguin.
- Sleep alone, preferably in the fridge.
- Don't sleep in the subway. Do stand in the pouring rain.
- Blow on yourself.
- Put gladwrap on the lawn, wet it, use it.
- By this time you should have cooled down enough to move to the butter department.
- Drink gin and tonic.
- Drink more gin and tonic.
- Put a cold beer on the back of your neck.
- Put an open fridge on the back of your neck.
- Take off your jumper.

THIRTY SECOND STORY Number 25

The Christ child had been born, and a star shone over the innyard in the little town of Bethlehem to herald his birth. Soon, the three kings followed the star and made their way to the humble barn, with precious gifts of gold, myrrh, and frankincense. As the kings presented their gifts in the light shining from the boy Jesus, Mary and Joseph thanked them. When all returned their eyes to the manger, the Christ child was not there. A donkey had eaten him. What do you expect when you put your kid in a manger?

KEVIN NEMETH

THIRTY SECOND STORY Number 28

Meanwhile, at the New Year's Eve party... What is he doing here? Please, God, don't let him see me. Make him go somewhere else. Not here. Oh go away. Not me. Go over there. He's walking past. No, I think he's seen me. Go away. No please. Don't see me. Please don't.

"Hi! How are you?"

"Oh, great. Really good to see you. What have you been doing?"

KEVIN NEMETH

OLD RESOLVES

I'm not going to jail for more than three months

MRS X

BRIAN MAHER

DAVE MOORE

I'm gonna smoke and I don't care if it kills me

CARY GRANT

DESI ARNEZ

YUL BRUNNER

JIMMY CAGNEY

I'm going to think of something original to say

RONALD REAGAN

MARGARET THATCHER

JOHN HOWARD

PHILLIP ADAMS

JOHN STONE

I'm going to change the boundaries before the next election

JOH BJELKE-PETERSEN

BOB HAWKE

1987 PREVIEW

Everybody gets AIDS

The Dollar will go up and down. Nobody will care.

The Jackie MacDonald Tapes surface

Hawke calls snap in May: he is defeated by Alan Jones.

You will be run over by a 1963 Fiat sedan with a slight oil leak

John Lennon returns from the dead.

All tapes of the Brady Bunch are accidentally on purpose hurled into space.

Jesus Christ returns, Jana Wendt is stoned to death, George Negus does the interview instead.

Geoff Edelsten buys New Zealand for Leanne. She paints it pink.

Farmers stop whingeing about the weather.

Paul Keating fills in his tax returns on time.

Vegetarians outraged - potato discovered to be a meat.

? ARE YOU HOT ?

Hey, what's cookin'? You? If a hot time is your scene, maybe summer is your season. Or maybe you just like griddles. Do you enjoy those days when it's so hot (how hot?!) that you run out to press the walk button and then run back in under the awning; and what about those hot mornings at the bus stop when there's a line of people standing sideways in the shade of a telegraph pole and the bitumen is a stinking river of black treacle? Hot?!

So you like it here, in the out-vent of the laundromat. You take a cold shower in lava. You've been out in the sun all day - and you look like a bratwurst. You're hot.

But do you really know how hot you are? If you're the sort of person who has ten dacquiries, then goes out drinking, and wakes up in a stable with your head on the horse's shoulder, then don't bother with this quiz. You're hot! The rest of you, on your marks, get set...

THE QUESTIONS

1. Sweat reminds me of...

- a. blood and tears
- b. thinking about fucking horses
- c. fucking horses
- d. being up on a bestiality charge

2. If you can't stand the heat...

- a. get out of the kitchen
- b. get out of the country
- c. just pay him the \$400,000 and be done with it
- d. stop fucking horses

3. The sheets are wet and I...

- a. left my cake outside in the rain
- b. thank god for the rubber underlay
- c. I should have left them on the line longer
- d. Hey, that horse leaves good head

4. Who starred in "Some Like It Hot"?

- a. Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon
- b. Neil Brown, John Howard, and Yves St. Lauren

- c. Michael Jackson, Joan of Arc, and Richard Pryor
- d. Buddy Holly, The Big Bopper, and Richie Valens

5. You know your baby's done when...

- a. the skewer comes out clean
- b. he/she stops moaning and lights a cigarette
- c. you get the OK sign from the dingo
- d. he/she gets off the potty

6. You know it's Ash Wednesday when...

- a. the Catholics come to work with dirty foreheads
- b. your kangaroo is on fire and the goldfish are boiling
- c. you can BBQ in the privacy of your own living room
- d. you've burnt to death

7. The best beach in the world is...

- a. Russel Island
- b. The Little Collins side of Hastings Street
- c. About 30 whales
- d. Joan Collins

8. You've just burnt your fingers when...

- a. "Hey, I got this great VCR for only \$150"
- b. the \$50 bills in your wallet all have the same serial number
- c. "Hey, is this iron on?... Aaaaagghhh."
- d. you just took out a 3 year subscription to Matilda

9. Who's the coolest dude?

- a. Mr Whippy
- b. Scott of the Antarctic
- c. Walt Disney
- d. The Penguin and Mr Freeze

10. What's the hottest way to go?

- a. Stowaway on the Space Shuttle
- b. Boring, stroking, and nitrous oxide. (You could throw in a supercharger as well)
- c. "I won't fall out, it's OK. Hey, what are these electrodes for?"
- d. Someone steals you

11. Your skin is red because...

- a. you've just been torched by the mob
- b. someone just said a rude word
- c. your parents were North American natives
- d. you've been staked out in the sun all day
- e. you've been rubbing it too much

12. Your worst day at the beach was when...

- a. the boys did a turd and wrapped it up in your towel.
- b. Normandy June 5th 1944
- c. you kicked sand in your own face (to impress the girl)
- d. the croc bit your legs off

13. You knew it was a hot wave because...

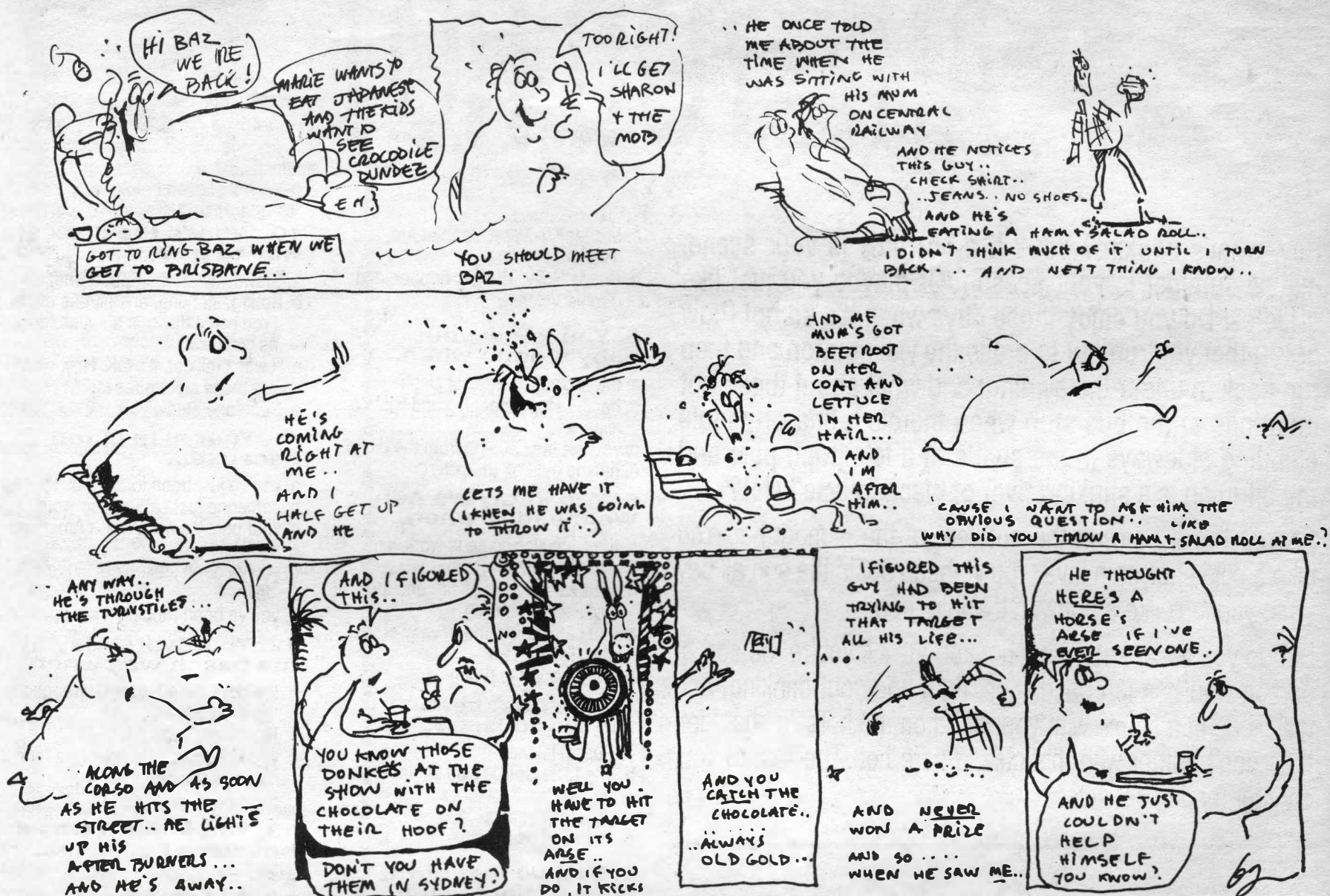
- a. all the pensioners died
- b. the hot-dogger took the left break and hung five
- c. it got you the job as Queen
- d. the fish were jumping out of the water in a white wine sauce

14. You know you're really hot shit when...

- a. your toilet explodes
- b. someone wraps you in a towel
- c. you can weld with your farts
- d. your bum falls off
- e. you're Bob Dyer

**ANSWERS
NEXT PAGE**





THE ANSWERS

Answer 1.

- a. Cull your record collection... 0pts
- b. Don't be pathetic, do it! ... 7pts
- c. Jockeying for position? ... 10pts
- d. Running for Mayor of Mackay? ... 4pts

Answer 2.

- a. Wimp answer. ... 0pts
- b. Trimboli at mill. ... 4pts
- c. It's a small price to pay to buy stable government. ... 10pts
- d. I don't want to be a nag, but... 7pts

Answer 3.

- a. Too much acid. ... 1pts
- b. I'll see ya latex. ... 4pts
- c. Hey, you're right! ... 10pts
- d. Listen, we told you last question, cut that out. ... 7pts

Answer 4.

- a. Thanks Leonard, we give it a zero... 0pts
- b. What a drag ... 10pts
- c. Celebrity roast. ... 9 1/2pts
- d. Flamin' Groovies ... 9pts

Answer 5.

- a. Thirty minutes per pound, plus thirty minutes extra. ... 10pts
- b. But are you aware of the dangers of passive smoking? ... 0pts
- c. The paws that refreshes. ... 7pts
- d. Yes, but they're 37. Don't be so anal! 0pts

Answer 6.

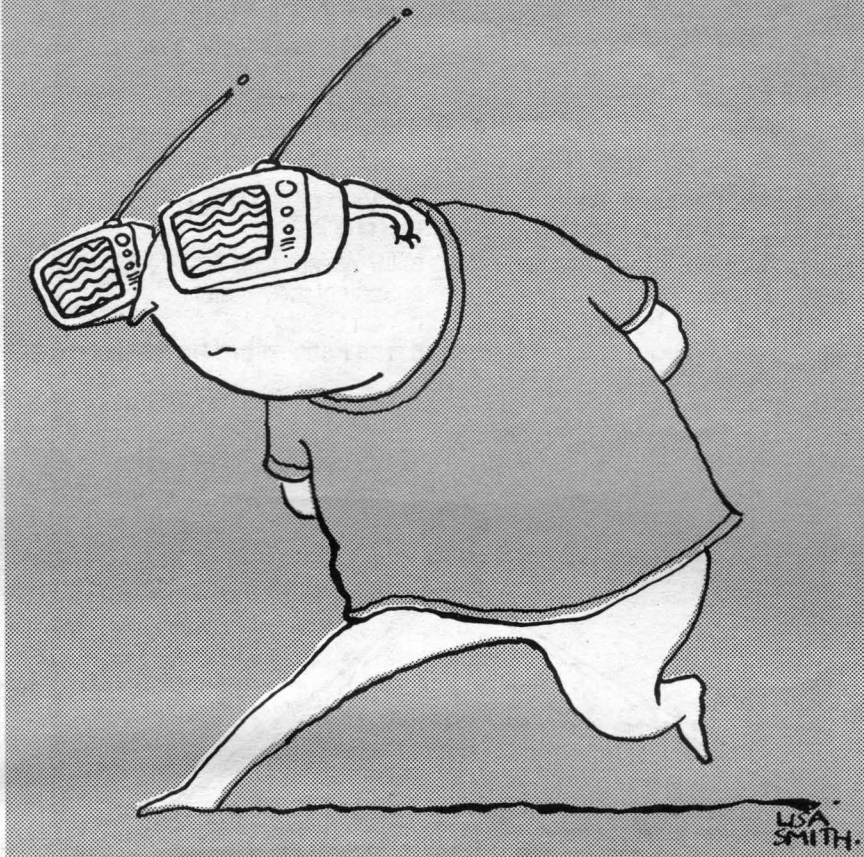
- a. You want to make something of it? 10pts
- b. Quick Sonny, run for the helicopter!! 4pts
- c. Toss another dwarf on the barbie. ... -3pts
- d. Uncool. ... 0pts

Answer 7.

- a. No, it's not. ... 0pts
- b. Wrong again. ... 0pts
- c. Stop blubbering, they're tons of fun. 7pts
- d. Exactly right! ... 11pts

Answer 8.

- a. And no free chook either. ... 3pts
- b. Consume immediately ... 5pts
- c. You too? ... 10pts
- d. Hey, we've got this great deal on back issues. ... 0pts



Answer 9.

- a. No arguments here. ... 10pts
- b. Back in a minute... Anybody want anything from the shop? ... 2pts
- c. It's my party and I'll cryo if I want to.. 6pts
- d. Wham! Kapow!!! Oooff!! ... 7pts

Answer 10.

- a. Crisper McAuliffe, huh? ... 8pts
- b. It's a gas. ... 0pts
- c. Even in death you're a failure. (You can't even get a zero properly) ... 1/2pt
- d. Will anyone notice? ... 1pt

Answer 11.

- a. Wouldn't marriage have been easier? ... 6pts
- b. Fuck off, arsehole! ... 0pts
- c. Lay off that fire water, Crazy Horse! 4pts
- d. AND you forgot the blackout ... 8pts
- e. Schtop it, or you will go blind. ... 10pts

THE SCORES

112-140pts
BOILING HOT

Your favourite magazine is the Cane Toad Times and you're reading this with asbestos gloves! And you wrote the Cane Toad Times Explanatory Guide. Fahrenheit 451! Pure ethanol, the Claytons' Claytons.

84-111pts
HOT

You can't get by without your... You may think I'm cool out there on the court, but... You sure go through a lot of beach towels.

Answer 12.

- a. I'm gonna wash that manure right out of my hair. ... 4pts
- b. You're trapped inside a BBC sound effect. ... 2pts
- c. 7 hours of microsurgery and you'll be able to get around with a white cane. ... 0pts
- d. Bad luck, Stumpy. ... 10pts

Answer 13.

- a. Dog food sales plummet ... 5pts
- b. Fuck off, waxhead - this isn't Tracks 0pts
- c. You turned it down. ... 10pts
- d. But you forgot the Rosemount Chardonnay. And it still smells like vomit. ... 2pts

Answer 14.

- a (i) What's Greek for "24 hour plumbing"? ... 7pts
- (ii) Will I lose my bond? ... 2pts
- b. Don't be a turd. ... 0pts
- c. Talk about Rosey cheeks! ... 10pts (5 per cheek)
- d. That's gonna make it damn hard sitting down. ... 6pts
- e. 12 points if you got it, 9 otherwise, 3 if you're bluffing

56-83pts
TEPID

You're Rolf Harris.

28-55pts
MELBOURNE

Have you taken your temperature lately?

0-27pts
FRIGID

People keep their drinks in you. Does your light go out when they close the door? Do people always find you in the kitchen at parties? Didn't I run into you on the Titanic?

POETRY

A Modest Proposal

SCOURGE OF CIVILISATION, MENACE TO SOCIETY

I am sure that all discerning readers agree with the major precept of Cane Toadism: that poetry is the greatest threat to stability and common-sense in our world today. But the question remains - is a total ban the best way to handle this insidious pest? Will we ever be able to wipe it off the face of the earth completely? Perhaps there is an alternative.

There can be no doubt that poetry is evil. It is a major cause of alienation because life is never as "authentic" as it is in the poems. Poetry fills young people with unachievable ideals of romance and it sends them off along the road of life with their heads firmly ensconced in the clouds. It is responsible for the high rates of marriage breakdown and drug abuse in our society and the attendant social costs. Comparatively speaking, a thermonuclear holocaust would be a blessing.

Poetry gives people big ideas that they can never live up to and they give the rest of us a hell of a time while they fail. Look at all the worst arseholes on the face of the planet: Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Bob Menzies and John Laws. They were so influenced by poetry that they even tried their hand at it.

As a civilized person it disgusts me that our young children are compulsorily sent off to schools where they have poetry and all the evils it conceals shoved down their throats so they can "appreciate" it on demand. And that the Government subsidises this degenerate behaviour through the Literature Board of the Australia Council...well it is enough to make me join John Stone and the gurus of the New Right in calling for the abolition of this self-indulgent waste of taxpayers money.

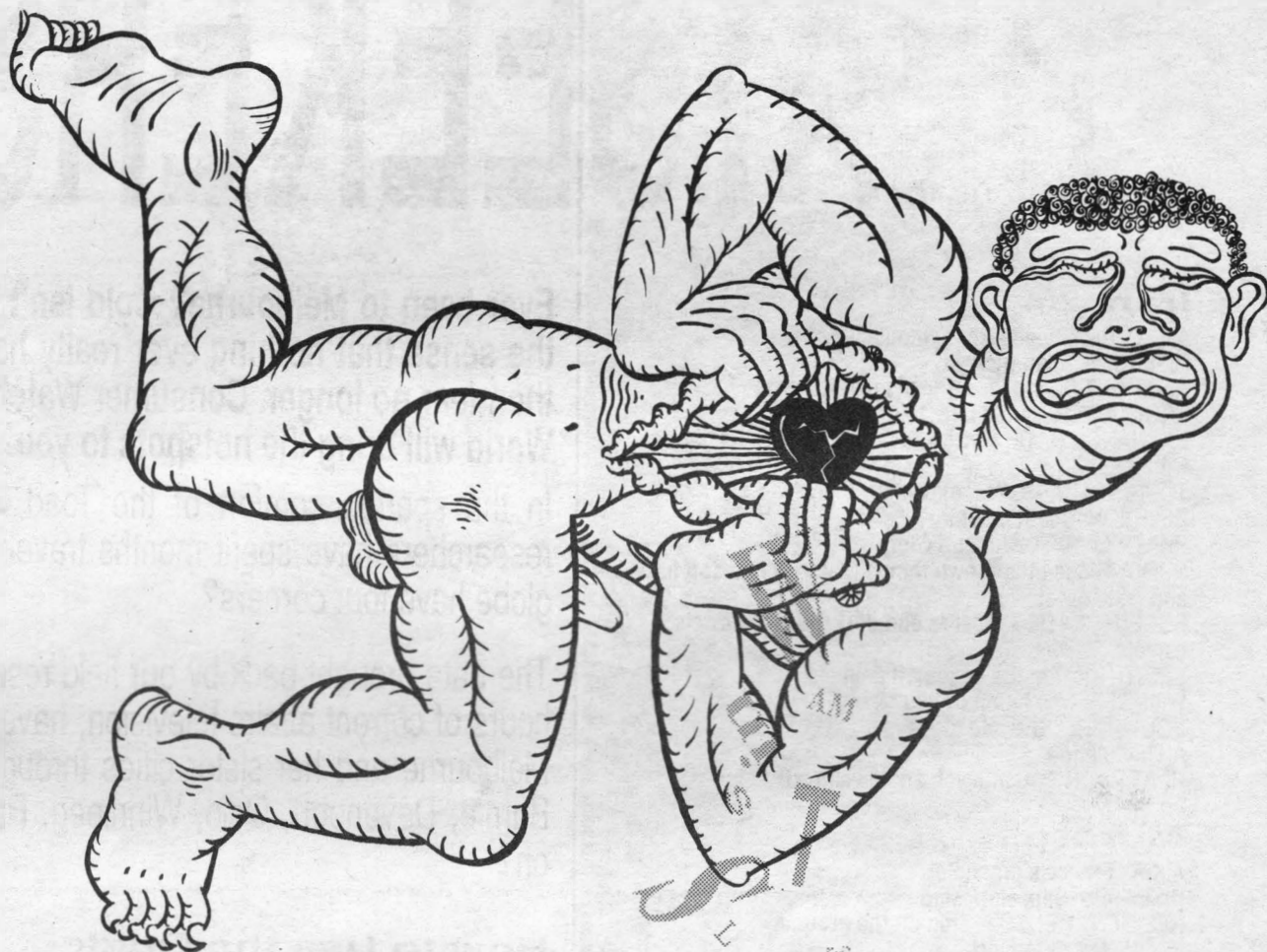
But the major problem with poetry is that it is mostly turgid and boring and nearly all poets are self-opinionated, egomaniacal and given to reciting their latest works at any pause in the conversation. Let's face it, most people would rather gnaw off their own foot than listen to poetry, so it is clear that something has to be done to fight this menace.

THE BAD APPLES AND THE DIRTY BATHWATER

However the total elimination of poetry as advocated by the Cane Toad Times is perhaps going too far. There are two reasons for my taking this heretical point of view.

First, I am against banning anything because it only turns the thing that is banned into forbidden fruit and people, being people, will go to any lengths (including being hung in a Malaysian jail) to experience the joys of a forbidden fruit, no matter how ephemeral and transient those joys might be.

Secondly, we have the million monkey scenario. If you gave a million monkeys enough typewriters and enough time, so the theory goes, then eventually they would come up with the works of Shakespeare. Similarly, if you gave a million poets enough time then every now and then, probably by mistake or cosmic chance, something good may turn up even if it does resemble poetry. Usually when this happens poets do the right thing, they realize that they have achieved more than their destiny and self-destruct soon afterwards. Nevertheless it would seem most unfair if we threw out that occasional baby worth keeping with the rest of the putrid, poetic bathwater.



MICHAEL BARNETT

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM FROM BAD POETRY IS...

So what should we do? Well this brings me to my modest proposal. I think that Poet's Licenses should be reintroduced. It worked all right in the Middle Ages when it kept the number of poets down to about one per king. The Government should establish a Poetry Regulation Board to which all poetry must be submitted. The board should be constituted by the most cynical, hard-bitten anti-poetists available, the sort of people you find at your average Cane Toad Times editorial collective meeting.

CAUTION S8
SUPPLY WITHOUT PRESCRIPTION
OR POSSESSION WITHOUT
AUTHORITY IS ILLEGAL
KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN

MR. RABBIT

I know not what to call you
So many names have you
Bugs, Peter, Brer and Jack
Just to name a few

Richard F. Hay Sr.
West Newton, Massachussetts

The Board would then review all the poetry submitted, shred most of it and if they found something that they all agreed was worthwhile then it should be published, probably on toilet rolls so that it would be available when people could most enjoy it. Hopefully most poets would be so disillusioned by the prospect of total, absolute and continual failure that they would pack up their pretensions and take up a useful hobby like licking lolly papers or farting in crowded lifts.

The big danger I see is that the members of the Board may become affected by creeping poetism and so be made useless for their normal activities. They would have to be isolated in quarantine and fed nothing but lobster and French champagne to counter the anguish of reading all that negative, angst-ridden poetry. To properly compensate for the inconvenience and discomfort caused, Board members would have to be well paid, say around a million dollars a year. Of course there would have to be a right of appeal to the Poetry Appeals Tribunal to keep everything above board and to prevent wealthy poets from bribing the Board.

STEPHEN STOCKWELL

I think that Poet's Licenses should be reintroduced. It worked all right in the Middle Ages when it kept the number of poets down to about one per king.

HEATSEEKERS GUIDE

Iran

A.K.A.: Towelheads Anonymous
 DISEASES: Allah-gies
 RESIDENT DENSITY: 92 heads per 100 pop.
 ECONOMY: Recently boosted
 EXCHANGE RATE: 50 Contra rebels, 500 shells per day with Iraq
 TOURIST TRAPS: Yes, especially if you're a journalist
 RELIGION: Death or Glory
 PHILOSOPHY: Death and Glory
 FOOD: Those little brown things that look like dog turds and taste great
 ECCENTRICITIES: Beards and dark glasses, towels, camels
 SPORT: Kicking the heads off animals
 WILDLIFE: One hump or two?
 SOUVENIRS: The odd glove
 ART: Violence
 HEAT RATING: Ayatollyah so, towelhead!

Muroroa

A.K.A.: France's arsehole
 DISEASES: Slip, slop, slap
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Thin on the ground
 ECONOMY: Booming
 EXCHANGE RATE: 500 rads per minute
 TOURIST TRAPS: The hot shaft
 RELIGION: Won't help
 PHILOSOPHY: Here today gone tomorrow
 FOOD: French fries
 ECCENTRICITIES: What do you expect?
 SPORT: Three legged race
 WILDLIFE: Did the earth move for you too?
 SOUVENIRS: It blew me away
 ART: Fusion of styles
 HEAT RATING: Atoll you so!

New Zealand

A.K.A.: Little Bondi
 DISEASES: Mud burns, Dag rash, Footrot Flats
 RESIDENT DENSITY: 20 sheep per person
 ECONOMY: Car Rental
 EXCHANGE RATE: Their dole bludgers, our tourists
 TOURIST TRAPS: You'll get fleeced
 RELIGION: Idolatory. Tiki worship
 PHILOSOPHY: Bigger Off!
 FOOD: They'll butter you up
 ECCENTRICITIES: A complete lack of vowels
 SPORT: Rotarua Mud Wrestling
 WILDLIFE: Marc Hunter
 SOUVENIRS: You'll take it on the lam
 ART: Disqualified under a technicality
 HEAT RATING: Room service?? More mud!!

Queensland

A.K.A.: The New Reich, The Sunshine State, The Deep North, Hell
 DISEASES: Brucellosis, Amplexus, Performing Arts Simplex
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Yes
 ECONOMY: Boom, boom, boom, sell, sell, sell, bust, bust, bust
 EXCHANGE RATE: Make us an offer, Sir...
 TOURIST TRAPS: Crocodiles, the rough end of the big pineapple
 RELIGION: Godless Christianity, Rugby League, and Progress
 PHILOSOPHY: D-d-don't you worry about it
 FOOD: Beryl
 ECCENTRICITIES: An ex-mayor of Mackay, National Party Cabinet, Chad Morgan, Cane Toad Times
 SPORT: Frogmarching, shootin' things, poofa-bashing, toad racing, dwarf throwing... Sorry you asked?
 WILDLIFE: Mating cranes in the city. Culling all furry animals, SEQEB workers, and demonstrators
 SOUVENIRS: Paranoia, 50 million tons of coal
 ART: Big things are happening, Expo 88, Dance of the Developers
 HEAT RATING: Oppressive

Consumer WatchToad

Ever been to Melbourne? Cold isn't it? Not so much in climate but rather in the sense that nothing ever really happens there. If a "hot time" is your bag then fear no longer. Consumer WatchToad's Heatseekers Guide to the Known World will bring the hotspots to you.

In the spartan comfort of the Toad Holdings Leer Jet, our team of dedicated researchers have spent months travelling to the four corners of the globe. Can a globe have four corners?

The data brought back by our field researchers, combined with watching countless hours of current affairs television, have produced findings to assist you in avoiding Melbourne and her sister cities throughout the world - Christchurch, Launceston, Burnie, Devenport, Oslo, Winnipeg, Reykjavik, Dunedin, Anchorage. Need we go on?

How to Use the Guide

Our highly skilled data analysts have exhaustively selected only Hottest Spots for inclusion here. Not much bloody use even considering Finland, is it? So we've gone directly for the melting pots. Mururoa, Nicaragua, Malaysia, South Africa, Hell, New Zealand... Say what? A more extensive copy of the Heatseeker's Guide may be found in Appendix IV of your CANE TOAD TIMES EXPLANATORY GUIDE.

Each spot is analysed according the broadest possible range of data available. WatchToad researchers have gathered information on the economic, cultural and afterlife of each Hot Spot.

For example, with OECD assistance we've gathered up to the minute Exchange Rates for each Hot Spot. Iran's current Exchange Rate is 500 shells per day with Iraq. While New Zealand exchanges their dole bludgers for our tourists. Such symbiotic relationships are highlighted by this survey.

I'm Not Eating That!!

As a hot traveller, you'll also need a trustworthy guide to cuisine. The Heatseekers Guide has identified a fascinating common thread. Many Hot Spots feature food that shows a remarkable resemblance to little brown dog turds. Fear not, they invariable taste great! Trust us.

Consumer WatchToad also provides a guide to Tourist Traps. If you're in a South African police station, keep right away from the windows. In Queensland avoid crocodiles. Those New Zealanders will fleece you. And if you're American - stay home!

Heat Rating

Space does not allows us to thoroughly analyse all the data. However, an objective summary of our findings for each Hot Spot can be found listed under Heat Rating. People are dying to get into Hell. And Queensland can be quite oppressive. But in Libya you'll find that while it's hot in the morning, once the sea breeze comes in...



Nicaragua

A.K.A.: Vietnam II
 DISEASES: High velocity lead poisoning
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Get down you fool!
 ECONOMY: Shot to pieces
 EXCHANGE RATE: Three self loading bibles and a free adviser with every contra rebel
 TOURIST TRAPS: Contra-ception
 RELIGION: Liberation Theology
 PHILOSOPHY: Duck and cover
 FOOD: High lead content samosas. "Hey Sarge, what's this little brown thing that looks like a dog turd?"
 ECCENTRICITIES: We just want to be left alone
 SPORT: Dominoes
 WILDLIFE: Daylight come and I wanna go home
 SOUVENIRS: Dog tags, cowboy hats, Mickey Mouse ears, Hershey bars and APMs
 ART: Revolutionary
 HEAT RATING: Under Fire

Libya

A.K.A.: Towelhead Central
 DISEASES: David and Goliath syndrome
 RESIDENT DENSITY: High at most airports
 ECONOMY: Are you kidding? We travel first class!
 Tripoli Rating
 EXCHANGE RATE: Five Libyans for every hostage
 TOURIST TRAPS: Gulf of Hoummous, the Achille Lauro
 RELIGION: The green book
 PHILOSOPHY: Gaddafi says
 FOOD: There's sand in my sandwich!
 ECCENTRICITIES: The Iron Sheik
 SPORT: Pin the rap on the Yankees
 WILDLIFE: In Arabic, there are a thousand words for camel
 SOUVENIRS: Now is the season of our discount tents
 ART: Squiggly calligraphy, no graven images
 HEAT RATING: Hot in the morning but once the sea breeze comes in...

TO THE KNOWN WORLD

United States of America

A.K.A.: Disneyland, God's own Country, The Aggressors, Home of the Brave, Land of the Free
 DISEASES: Saturday Night Fever
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Two short planks. Shit in a blanket
 ECONOMY: Family size
 EXCHANGE RATE: We did it, and now we've admitted it. What more do you want?
 TOURIST TRAPS: "This really nice guy gave me a great deal on the Brooklyn Bridge."
 RELIGION: Mutually Assured Destruction
 PHILOSOPHY: Go ahead, make my day
 FOOD: Go ahead, make my lunch
 ECCENTRICITIES: The entire state of Utah
 SPORT: Anything violent punctuated with tasteless ads
 WILDLIFE: Yo yos, Ding dongs, Charlie Manson, Jimmy Jones
 SOUVENIRS: Chile, AIDS, strip architecture
 ART: Garfunkel
 HEAT RATING: Defcon 5

Malaysia

A.K.A.: Malais-ee
 DISEASES: Lots - tropical, Rope burns - terminal
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Up to your neck in it
 ECONOMY: Mainline
 EXCHANGE RATE: Crumbling, pink rocky
 TOURIST TRAPS: Penang Jail
 RELIGION: Poi Pot Pourri
 PHILOSOPHY: Hang it
 FOOD: Ow!
 ECCENTRICITIES: Plenty of swingers
 SPORT: Rope tricks
 WILDLIFE: Pubic wigs, feral condoms, and my phone number is ...
 SOUVENIRS: It's not worth the trip, Kevin
 ART: Wall hangings
 HEAT RATING: Once burned, twice fried

Hell

A.K.A.: Queensland, Hades, The Underworld, The Inferno, Lunchtime at MacDonalds, Chez Mephistopheles
 DISEASES: Blisters on your soul, Smokers Cough, Heat Rash, Dehydration, It really burns when you piss
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Between a rock and a hard place
 ECONOMY: \$ US
 EXCHANGE RATE: One soul per person
 TOURIST TRAPS: Repossession. No pass outs
 RELIGION: Rather too late, don't you think?
 PHILOSOPHY: Back on your heads, tea break's over!
 FOOD: Devilled ham, Hot Dogs, prunes wrapped in bacon, Bombe Alaska
 ECCENTRICITIES: Faust, Wagner
 SPORT: End of the world two-a-side polo: Max Death and Troy Famine versus Sonny Pestilence and Bubba War
 WILDLIFE: Come on baby, light my fire
 SOUVENIRS: Pomegranates
 ART: Come on down!
 HEAT RATING: Dying to get in

South Africa

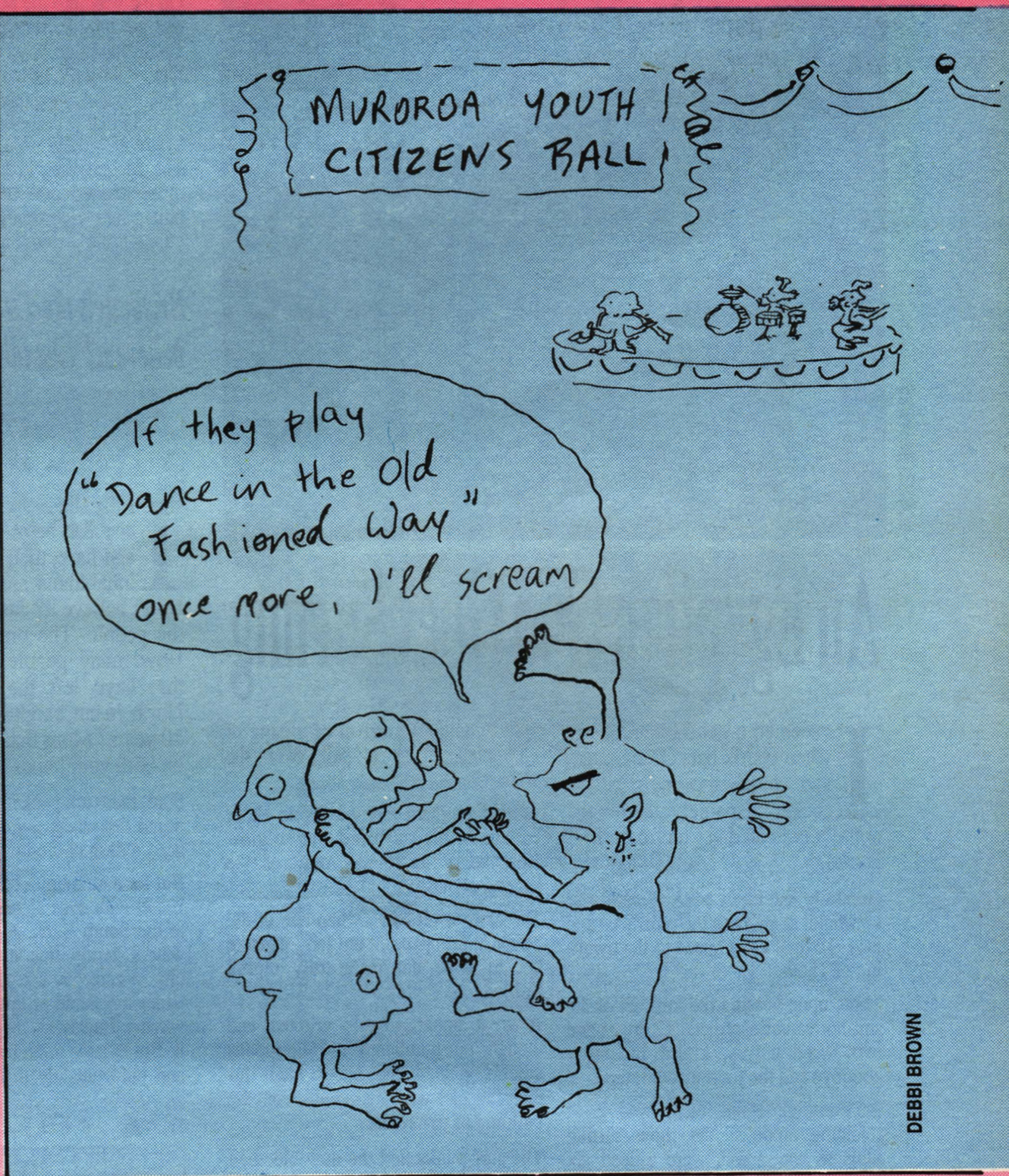
A.K.A.: Srrh Efreka,
 DISEASES: Terminal boerdorn
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Including blacks?
 ECONOMY: Randy
 EXCHANGE RATE: No lawyers, lots of guns and money
 TOURIST TRAPS: Mad Mike Hoare, Third story police station windows
 RELIGION: The Gods Must Be Crazy (75th big Year!)
 PHILOSOPHY: Nothing gets through their thick apartheid
 FOOD: Cornballs, goats piss and NUTRIGRAIN® when you can get them, Isn't that beaut?
 ECCENTRICITIES: Kim Hughes, Aardvarks, Gnus and Yaks, and other crossword answers
 SPORT: Putting the boot in, water cannons, teargas, sneak bombing raids
 WILDLIFE: Born Free
 SOUVENIRS: Another flaming necklace!?
 ART: Black and white line drawing
 HEAT RATING: White hot

Club Med

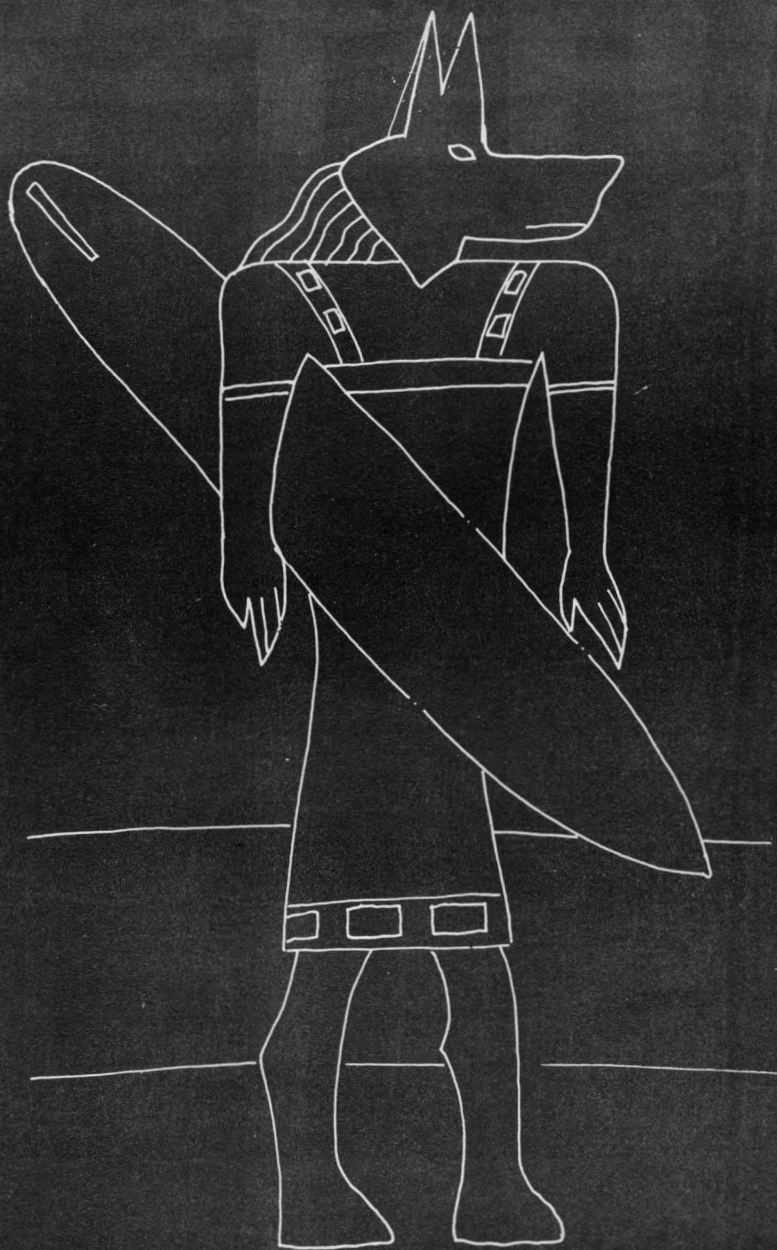
A.K.A.: Club Fred, Club Seal, Club Carefree, Club Tampax, Club Applicator
 DISEASES: You've been to Bali, too
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Two abreast, one groin
 ECONOMY: Franc exchange
 EXCHANGE RATE: Your credibility for cheap resort sex
 TOURIST TRAPS: One night with Venus, a lifetime with Mercury
 RELIGION: Continental Breakfast
 PHILOSOPHY: Perfect Match
 FOOD: I know what boys like
 ECCENTRICITIES: Designer Plaque
 SPORT: Windsurfing, Scuba Diving, Raging, Self actualisation
 WILDLIFE: Gaugin Au-Go-Go
 SOUVENIRS: Coral rash
 ART: Trivial Pursuit
 HEAT RATING: G, I know what boys lick

Afghanistan

A.K.A.: Poland II, Vietnam III
 DISEASES: Towelrot
 RESIDENT DENSITY: Another one bites the dust
 ECONOMY: Hashish
 EXCHANGE RATE: One owner Enfields up against yellow rain. It's a gas!
 TOURIST TRAPS: Smokin' OPs
 RELIGION: Allah told you so
 PHILOSOPHY: If the rebels were meant to win, they would have been born with tanks
 FOOD: Borscht
 ECCENTRICITIES: They seem to like the borscht
 SPORT: Pin the SAM on the gunship
 WILDLIFE: Serge and Destroy. He ain't nothin' but a hound dog
 SOUVENIRS: Is that an AK47 in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me, Comrade?
 ART: Rug running
 HEAT RATING: Constant



DEBBI BROWN



An Egyptian God Goes Surfing

It seemed a good omen to Isis when Osiris backed the panel van over the neighbour's cocker spaniel and the entrails indicated six foot barrels at Burleigh.

Hurriedly she threw her surfboard and sacrificial stone onto the roof racks and they drove at great speed to the dwelling of Thoth.

Thoth upon hearing the forecast of the shit-hot waves sacrificed 12 doves and two fatted calves, kissed his sister goodbye and the journey continued.

At Burleigh Point there was great rejoicing amongst the three surfing idols as the waves were indeed six foot with clean tubes breaking to the left and only a few other surfers in the water. Isis quietly seized a young body surfer and dispatched him to Ra in thanks for such bounty.

With boards waxed and faces anointed with still warm blood they paddled to the take-off area to await the next set of boomers. Thoth grabbed the first wave with the vigour of Anubis defending a tomb against robbers and carved some backhand swoops and 360's that had the other surfers hooting.

And so the surfing continued for many hours with cut-backs, tubes and praise to the god of surfing, Natyungis, being the order of the day.

That is, until the arrival of a gang of surf punks cast a pall over the proceedings.

Several of them taunted Osiris about the age of his surfboard and he grew most angry as it was only of the Second Dynasty.

The final insult came when one of the ho-dads dropped in on Isis, causing her to wipe out in a truly mortal fashion.

A great aquatic battle erupted and though out-numbered the Egyptians quickly gained the upper hand for their muscles were humungus from the building of pyramids.

The surf punks fled the now bloodied water and Osiris, Isis and Thoth howled in triumph to the god Ammon to such a degree that they failed to notice the gathering circle of grey dorsal fins.

When a 4-metre white pointer took a large chunk out of Thoth's board they all suddenly remembered it had been several months since they last sacrificed to the great Shark-god. In unison they called out their most potent prayers, and paddled like buggery for the beach.

Isis and Thoth reached it but Osiris with the help of numerous shark teeth, made a radical re-entry into the next stage of his reincarnation.

BRIAN PETERSON

Can you imagine the astronomical odds of getting the exact same parking attendant with that attendant remembering my dad? And my dad not fixing the brakes properly in a year?

My Dad and the Grand Final

When I remember my dad and I going to our first Grand Final together, well, I just can't help a few little drops coming to my eyes. It's like yesterday to me.

On the way into the MCG carpark, my dad got into a wrangle with a parking attendant after my dad sideswiped him. It all got a little out of hand after that. I guess, technically, my second Grand Final was my first Grand Final.

The second time around I was even more excited and wide-eyed as we pulled into the carpark. Now, can you imagine the astronomical odds of get-

ting the exact same parking attendant with that attendant remembering my dad? And my dad not fixing the brakes properly in a year? At least this time I had brought a radio with me so I could listen to the game in the car.

The police were nice about it. Though one of them did have a strange conversation with my dad that I couldn't understand at all. It went something like:

POLICEMAN: I played for the Melbourne Reserves in '54 and I don't remember you.

DAD: Please, not here. Not in front of the kid.

My dad, what a great bloke.

TED "Tank" TRUMPET

Brisbane's most stylish inhabitants are the buildings. Don't believe it? Just take a look at the people. The ones left, that is.

Image Enhancement

If Brisbane's credibility as a city can be measured in style and flare, then its most stylish inhabitants are the buildings. Don't believe it? Just take a look at the people. The ones left, that is. How many people do you know that have left the Jewel of the North in an exodus over the past 10 years? More than you can count on both your hands, I bet.

Sure, there are pockets of style makers round the place; a dash of enthusiasts here, a dash of credibility there.

But for a moment let us forget you and I, and with eyes closed take ourselves to the South Bank. A place where the waters gently lick the shores of the city. Where you can relax undisturbed under the shade of towering gums and waving Eucalypts. So beautiful, isn't it. But dreams often turn to nightmares and unfortunately this nightmare is a

reality, so it might be better if you kept your eyes closed.

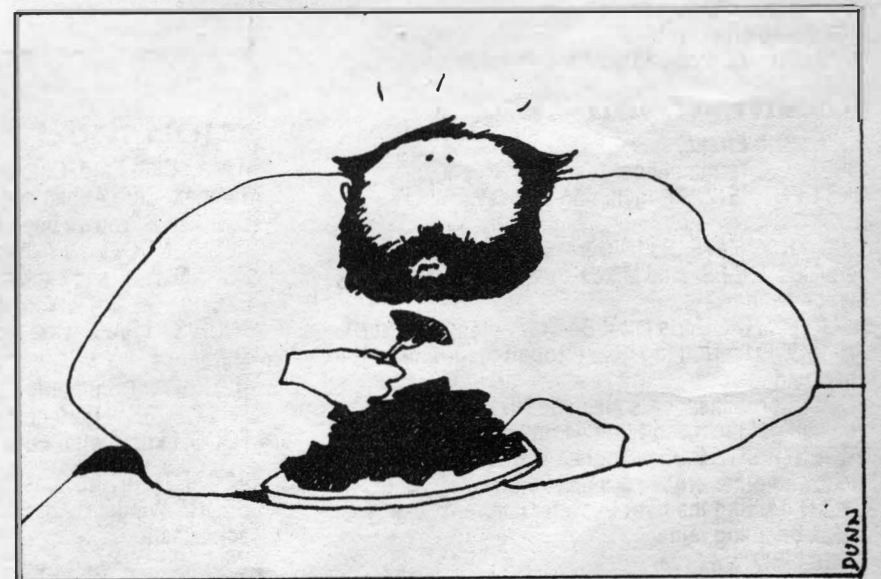
If your idea of creative enhancement consists of paying for the privilege of sitting in a monumental concrete orange crate for a few hours then that's fine. Come on in and enjoy. Indulge. 1988's only just around the corner. I bet you can't wait.

But for the majority of expatriate toads the current corn-pone bout of "state style" image '88 enforcement is even more *up with which we will not put!* Bring on the book burnings! How about an old fashioned witch hunt? Whoops! There goes another exodus.

Joh and his style crushers have really dug in their tendrils, I'm afraid. You're in for a tough time, young toads of summer. And don't laugh while doing the thong goosetep and the flat toad, because they're *not funny*.

CECELIA VAN HEUMANN

THE BETRAYAL



JUDAS ISCARIOT AND THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVERSIDE

1986

THAT WAS NO WAY TO RUN A YEAR

JANUARY

From recollection, it was hot at the time. Staring out over Noosa waters... why couldn't we ever spot the cocaine shipments?

It was hot for Mrs X, too. She was in the news and likely to stay there. In fact, 1986 was a big year for the X family. Mr X was there as well. And don't forget Dr X who went search of a patient's G spot. He got off. Twice. But that was later on. The dollar dropped.

FEBRUARY

Maybe if Steven Spielberg had never lived, Halley's Comet wouldn't have been such a disappointment.

Then, one small fuckup for man... Seven people died. It was plucky schoolteacher, Christa McAuliffe, that captured the hearts and minds, and caught in the throats, of the nation. Of course, the greatest benefit of the US Space Shuttle debacle was the jokes. Popular humour reached heights of grossness only imagined at the peak of the Dingo Eats Baby bonanza. Grown people will still double up at the mention of a blue sock.

And while we're on the subject, Lindy Chamberlain was freed. Daughter, Azaria died on 17 August 1980. But the story will not die. An inquiry into Lindy's conviction was announced. They're still mulling over the blood splatters.

Gasp. Mrs X was revealed - Judith Callaghan, publicist, co-ordinator of Queensland Day and fat-person. She'd been using public funds to pay the dry cleaners. Husband, Allan was charged with similar crimes. Judith was remanded until 6 June, Queensland Day. Who says the judiciary doesn't have a sense of humour?

Kate McQuarrie taken by crocodile. Crocs 2.

After months of brouhaha, the Philippines elections were rigged. Marcos claimed victory. But Imelda had bought her last pair of shoes. Massive rioting finally convinced the military to throw in their lot with Cory Aquino. Ferdinand went to exile in Hawaii. Tough for some.

Russian tourist ship *Mikhail Lermontov* sank off New Zealand. Hundreds of pensioners got damp.



050 13 0520

MARCH

Swedish PM, Olof Palme gunned down for going to the movies.

The next big Queensland scandal - the Nationals seized on a plan to sell Lindeman Island to East

West Airlines. Turn a National Park into an exclusive holiday resort? Great idea. So why didn't the public like it? East West pulled out. We're going to have to sack that PR guy.

After leaving his fleet of psychedelic Rolls in America last year, the Big Orange, Baghwan, was booted out of Greece. Why can't a simple, clean living godhead make a go of it these days?

APRIL

US bombed Libya. Well they had to, didn't they?

It was a big year for Nazis, so Australia had to have some, too. All mod cons. Let Simon Weisenthal show you how to make a bunch of ageing, senile, pathetic, miserable old men really suffer.



MAY

Those Indonesians were twitchy all year. Seems investigative journalism hasn't made it to Jakarta yet. And sure it's fine for Suharto's family to own the place. What's power for? Australians just can't mention it, we don't understand inscrutable types. Outcome: a planeload of tourists sent back from Bali. Now that's below the belt.

Radiation levels are high? Must be your imagination. What nuclear reactor? Chernobyl problems... no way. Oh, you mean that melt down. Only a minor disturbance really. We'll have it right in a jiff. Don't you worry your little heads about it... Alright, it's a fair cop, but society's to blame.

The dollar must have fallen, surely.

JUNE

Was Kurt Waldheim a Nazi? Or is he too boring? Will it help him get elected? Yes. Those Austrians sure know how to pick 'em, eh?

Break out the Rosemount Chardonnay. Nifty announced his retirement. He can recognise a sinking ship. Successor Barrie Unsworth denied interest in entomology.

JULY

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Barlow and Chambers hang.

Back to the sinking ship department. Don Chipp resigned from the Senate and leadership of the Democrats. Ol' Scraggy handed over the reigns to Janine Haines. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, will self destruct in five seconds.

In the fancy footwork department, you've got to hand it to the Royal Family. Their PR machine is amazing in its intricacies. If in doubt, deny everything. In July we were given to understand that HRH thinks Margaret Thatcher is a stupid prat and the cause of all this unrest. Hardly surprising really. One Australian commentator theorised that the Queen votes Labour. Makes you think, doesn't it?

And let's face it, the Grande Dames tiff was a damn sight more interesting than the Royal Wedding. Rainbow Warrior spies Alain Mafart and Dominique Prieur bailed out of New Zealand. 'Tis a far, far better thing they did than they have ever done. Dollar rallied for a moment, then plummeted.

AUGUST

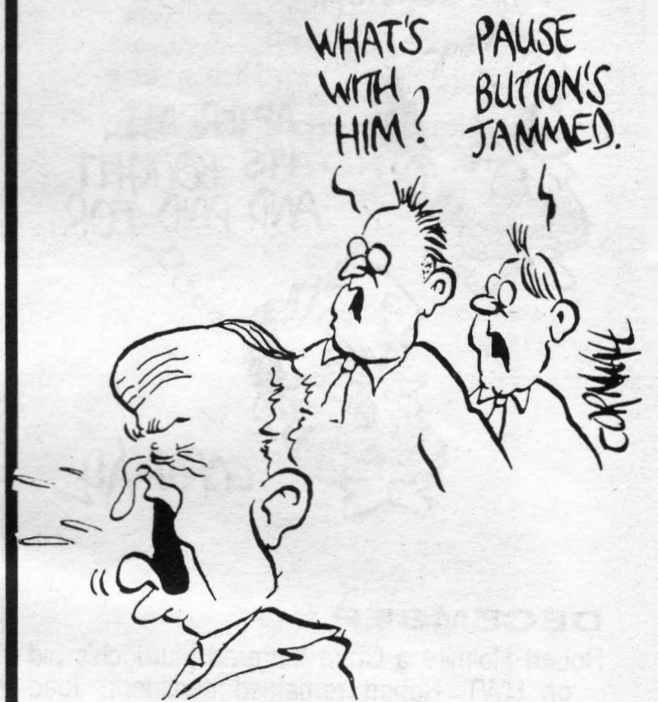
Frank Hardy arrested for going to a poetry reading. Cane Toad Times applauds.

Zsa Zsa Gabor married for the eighth time. Must be a nuisance to go through all that rigmarole every time you want to fuck someone new.

Picasso's *Weeping Woman* disappeared. She thought a train trip might cheer her up.

Judith Callaghan was convicted and jailed for a paltry three months. Out for Christmas.

Yet another great Queensland scandal revealed. Alan Bond was alleged to have paid Bjelke-Petersen in excess of \$400,000 in an out-of-court defamation settlement. Cane Toad Times defamation experts scoff, he'd have been lucky to get \$25,000 in court if he had won, which was by no means a cert.



SEPTEMBER

Did anything happen in September?

It was around here somewhere. Former Brisbane radio personality, Bill Hurrey was tried and convicted of doing naughty things with teenage boys, aided and abetted by Constable Dave Moore. Someone must have forgotten to tell them it was illegal and that this is Queensland and if you want to do that sort of thing you at least have to be discrete. The media revelled in the obscene details. The dollar probably dropped.

OCTOBER

Normally, a reputable magazine like the Cane Toad Times would not mention an incidence of a former head-of-state losing his trousers. After all, we lose our trousers all the time... No? Well, we think it's fine. Really. If that's

1986

what he wants to do... But now that we haven't mentioned it, we'd just like to draw your attention to the fact that it was all a right-wing South African plot. Seriously.

Crocodile Dundee released in the US. It made \$13 million in the first weekend despite the cellulite outrage. By the end of the year Paul Hogan had made \$30 million, personally. Crocs 3.

Ronnie and Mikhail met in Reykjavik. According to a reliable source, the currency there is the krona. It's a nice place Iceland. They could agree on that. Ronnie didn't see any leprechauns.

We'd like to take this opportunity to point out that Cane Toad Times always supported Barcelona's bid for the Olympics.

But a bigger tragedy for Brisbane, Bubble's Bathhouse closed.

Lionel Murphy died. He was our mate.

NOVEMBER

OK, who got their hopes up? Come on, confess. Bunch of dorks. Bjelke-Petersen won the Queensland election. Not very nicely, but effectively. We've told you this before: he will die eventually. Promise.

Alf Casey lost his arm to pet croc, Charlene. Crocs 4. US Republicans lost Senate.

Fergie lost weight.

Only American's would have such limited imagination to call every scandal Somethinggate. Well, in 1986, it was Irangate. And boy, was Reagan up to his nose in poo. He even had Nancy try to bail him out. Point is, even if he didn't know what was going on, that's no excuse. Except in Queensland, of course.

Rupert Murdoch's just a sentimental old softy. He didn't make a bid on the Herald and Weekly Times so he could own all the Australian media and make a lot of money. No. It was for his mum and the memory of dear old dad.

Dollar dropped.



DECEMBER

Robert Holmes a Court bettered Murdoch's bid on HWT. Rupert remained confident. Toad Holdings poised to make everyone an offer they can't refuse. Make our lunch?

Papal Reign tours Australia, playing to big crowds. The silk and satin extravagance of the costuming was a big hit. Hang on. Wasn't he black in the film clips? Bob Hawke was touched. But didn't convert.

And did John Howard think he was on to something this time? Paul Keating neglected to file his last two tax returns. The sky is falling! Contrary to Howard's predictions, Keating's popularity soars. Suddenly Australia realised Paul's a real bloke.

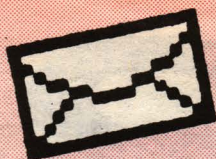
Geoffrey Edelsten thrown out of the A.M.A. For conduct unbecoming, we surmise.

Bjelke-Petersen offers to lead the New Reich to victory.

The dollar must be around here somewhere. It's still hot.

ANNE JONES

22



Dear CTT,

Dear CTT,
Who's the best actor to be washed overboard with?
George Raft!
What's the best game to take to the beach?
A John Sands Game!
What's wet black and sings?
Billy Ocean!
Laugh! You should have seen the Pope!
A LOT OF REALLY FUNNY GUYS FROM SYDNEY COMEDY WAREHOUSE

Dear CTT,
I may be bad and mean and mighty unclean. At least I don't sing like Barry Manilow.
LOUIE, LOUIE, LOUIE THE FLY

Dear CTT,
You ever wondered why when you drive in the country on a summer's night, your windscreen gets covered with splattered insects. Well that's us. We go out and catch a lot of bugs and creepy crawly things. Then we hide and wait for you to drive along. Then we throw them at your car. And there's nothing you can do about it.
SERVICE STATION ATTENDANTS
Waiting for something to do
Everywhere

Dear CTT,
Hey, why does Cleo get to the newsstands here way ahead of the CTT. I can't understand it.
HANS YORTERBORG
Helsinki
Finland

Dear Hans, Don't you know that nice Finnish guys are always last.

Dear CTT,
What smells good. Tastes good. Washes your clothes. And gives you skin cancer. Melon Omo
TONY BARBER
Cancer Ward
St Vincents Hospital

Dear CTT,
It wasn't a stroke, I committed suicide.
HARI CARI GRANT

Dear CTT,
Ain't no cure for the summertime blues, especially when they're pronounced DOA.
MEAN MACHINE
At a S.L.S.C. near you

Dear CTT,
Hey, assholes, we've just finished reading this issue. Where do you bastards got off leaving us out? I mean our comrades have made you famous - even got you coverage in the Sydney Press. It's supposed to be our turn. Shame on you.
THE BIG KAPOSI'S SARCOMA
THE BIG LENTIL
Chairobjects
Undocumented Big Things Association

Dear CTT,
Wheee! These slides are great!
THE AUSTRALIAN DOLLAR

Dear CTT,
The livin's easy?! You gotta be kidding!! And where's all this cotton? All I see is synthetics. And by the way, Daddy's never worked a day in his life and Mamma, she's uglier than the Elephant Man.
LYRICS FOR TODAY
Skid Row
Everywhere

Dear CTT,
Back Varlots. Remove thy Dirk from my Breast.
ALAN BORDER
NIDA Intake '87

Dear CTT,
Thanks for helping out with the last week of campaign expenses. In return we've fixed things so you can sell your magazine 24 hours a day if you want to. Thanks again. We'll contact you next time round.
A CERTAIN RECENTLY RETURNED NATIONAL PARTY GOVERNMENT

Dear CTT,
Friends, Iranians, Contra-men. Lend me your arms... or is that ears?
RONALD REAGAN
California School of Drama
Graduate '37

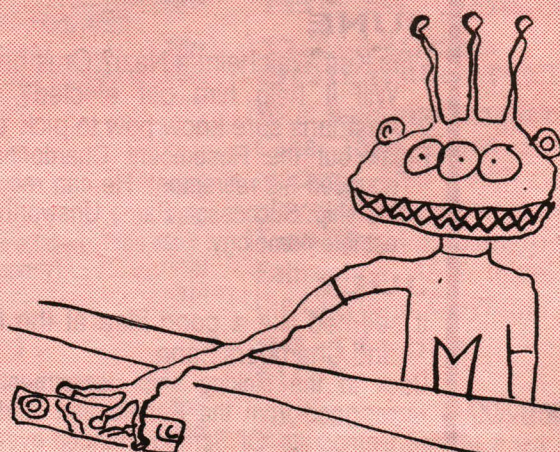
Dear CTT,
Sorry 'bout the musical, but after all I'm a stiff too.
JOHN LENNON

Dear CTT,
Maybe we should replace the Hypocratic Oaf with something more realistic? Let's face it, there's a lot of bucks out there in Medicine Land. Just ask my piano player.
GEOFFREY EDELSTEN

Dear Geoffrey,
Sssshhh! It's supposed to be a secret between us and Dave down at Medicare.
OWEN FILTHY-RICH
Officer-in-Charge
Overservicing Dept.
Australian Mercenaries Association

Dear Owen,
Don't be a fool. Let's make real \$\$\$\$. Stop covering up for incompetents who barely scraped through medicine school. Let's get a new system where the few of us who know how to suck mega-bucks can profit. Get with the strength.
GEOFFREY EDELSTEN

Dear CTT,
I like mine crispy on the outside thanks.
SEVERAL MOURA HOUSEWIVES



DEBBI BROWN

LONE TRAVELLER COMES ACROPOLIS

When I was a working girl in London, I spent my annual week of holidays in Greece. My friends down at the local thought I was mad.

"What can you do over there," said Shaun, "that you can't do here?"

Shaun, who was born in Glasgow, had never been to Greece or anywhere else in Europe for that matter.

I pitied him his parochial view - I was going to a land where no-one would know me and I could be anyone I wanted. I love to travel alone. There's something bold and exciting about being totally anonymous. You feel invisible and free, and whatever problems you may have had are left behind in the last city or continent. It's been one of my adages "No problem so big that you can't run away from it" - and it's always worked for me.

My year in London must have made me more conservative than I'd realised for, rather than take my chances on arrival, I arranged my accommodation through a travel agent. My first Grecian mistake. When you arrive in a city late at night, you can't speak the language, you can't read the alphabet, nothing is recognisable - what you need is the assurance of a Holiday Inn and a good night's sleep before attacking the brave new world.

My travel agent, however, had taken me at my word and booked me into an authentic moderately priced hotel run by a nice greek family who invited me to watch T.V. with them until the show finished. (At least that's what I think they invited me to do.) Then one of the men went downstairs, organised a key, and showed me to my room. The linguistic isolation was hitting me harder than I'd expected. I snuffled a few homesick tears into the pillow as I prepared for sleep.

The morning was fresh and so was I. The fears of last night dissipated as I heard noises in the street. With a quick check of the room, passport and belongings, I was out the door, down the stairs which were being scrubbed by a bent over woman in black, and out onto the street.

I thought I'd walk a while to get my bearings. Wait for Athens to come to me. Second mistake. Downtown Athens is about as exciting as Downtown Anywhere. Always the same built-up, slightly run-down shops and offices. I don't remember if I had a map. I don't think so. Wouldn't have done me any good anyway because I couldn't read anything. I could make out some famous advertising trademarks and the Athens Hilton - that was it.

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable - it seems that single women don't walk much in Athens. That long awaited feeling of being invisible was being countermanded by a sense of being watched by all. I started to see a lot less of the sights and a lot more of the footpath.

"They drive like maniacs here," I heard someone say as I crossed the street. I smiled acknowledgement and then realised that someone had just spoken to me in English. I looked up; he smiled; we went for coffee.

Gary's hotel sounded better and cheaper so I checked out of mine and into his the following morning. The family at his hotel didn't watch T.V. The men played backgammon at a furious pace and I made a mental note to learn how to play. (How was I to know it was going to be so trendy?!) Sightseeing with Gary, I was scrutinised less and had a much better time. We did the markets, the Parthenon and the Acropolis and had a good time touristly.

Whatever problems you may have had are left behind in the last city or continent. It's been one of my adages "No problem so big that you can't run away from it" - and it's always worked for me.

There can't be too many New York shoe designers who come from Cyprus, but I know one. He showed me the ladies' shoes in the boot of his car. Third mistake. (Was I in the company of a shoe fetishist?) But it was pleasant to be talking so I spent the afternoon with him. He took me to these beach bungalows that were owned by the American Armed Forces, and said I could use one for the week.

He wanted to show me a good time. I didn't think he could. It was time to leave. Miffed by my discourtesy, he did not volunteer to drive me back but showed me where the bus stop was. How I got the right bus with the right money and recognised where to get off I can't explain. I guess I've always been dependent on the kindness of strangers.

It had been a big first day. I was hoping that dinner would not prove to be an insurmountable problem. I ate in a chicken diner. The kind of place I wouldn't eat in at home but somehow seemed nostalgic now that I was in Greece.

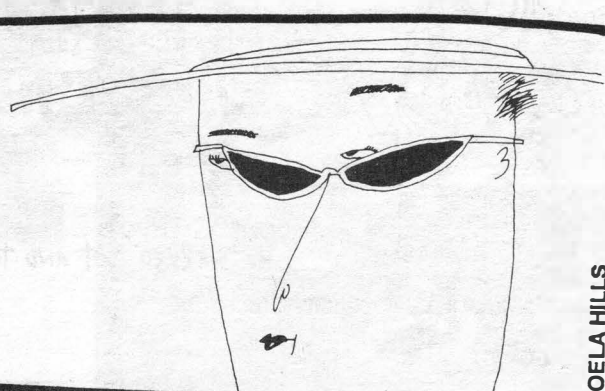
"Excuse me," I said as he sat two tables away, "I couldn't help noticing you speak English and I'm feeling very lonely and would you mind having dinner with me?" Good line, I thought, though it doesn't seem to work so well now that I'm home. Gary was a postal worker from Sydney that I had nothing and everything in common with. He had flown in on the same flight the night before. We exchanged first day stories and then decided to try out a few bars. Ah, alcohol, the universal language.

By studying the map above the hotel's reception desk, I decided on Mykonos as my ideal Greek island. It was less than a day away which meant I could spend three days there. Fourth mistake. Mykonos in October is about as exciting as Canberra anytime. From the ferry I could see a nice looking (read modern, inexpensive, friendly) hotel not too far up the hill from the harbour. I decided it was the place for me and headed off through the village for my destination vacanse.

Unbeknown to me, I'd arrived two weeks after the end of the season and the hotel was closed. I headed back down the hill for the village. I started to crave a Holiday Inn again. I settled on a white plaster hotel with cool blue interiors and modest rooms.

I noticed a restaurant, sorry Taverna, near where the boat came in so I went there for dinner. I ordered something unpronounceable and ate alone. It's very difficult to look anything but uncomfortable when you dine alone but I persevered. Notch up another day in Greece; I was starting to miss my old local.

The next morning I asked the person at Reception for directions to the beach and took off with my towel, my book and my sunglasses. I bought something for breakfast at the shop - it wasn't fetta cheese but it was equally inappropriate - and headed up the hill.



NOELA HILLS

Here I was, a working girl on her holiday; I hadn't spoken to anyone all day, most everything was shut down for the off season, and I was getting drunk on my own, prior to staggering back to the hotel on my own. Gosh, I was having a good time.

"Picturesque," I told myself. "Look at the windmills with their thatched roofs and whitewashed walls. How fresh they are against the blue cloudless sky. Look at the Mediterranean - how it fits so neatly around the islands."

A person leading a donkey passed me going the other way. There were very few cars on the island, a couple of taxis in the village, and so traffic was asinine at most.

When I arrived at the beach, which was about two miles away, I felt like Dick Diver in "Tender is the Night" when he returns to the Riviera to find it's not as he remembered it. I'd never been to the beach before and I still felt disappointed. A lone deck chair askew on the sand was my only companion.

There were some cafes on the beachfront - you guessed it, closed during the off season. I ventured to the water and had a quick swim before stretching out on the sand. The sun didn't seem as warm as in the southern hemisphere and a breeze was coming up so after a brief disorienting nap, I trudged back to the village where I roamed the back streets until dinner.

I ordered Moussaka - a compromise between Greek and recognisable - and ordered a bottle of red wine. I think I even took a book. As anyone will tell you, a person who takes a book to dinner is a very lonely person. I persevered. Across the table was a large noisy table of Germans and Swedes. It being my second night in the restaurant, sorry Taverna, I felt I was a regular and they were the intruders. They had come in off a large boat moored in the harbour and I hated them. They were having my Greek fantasy.

Here I was, a working girl on her holiday; I hadn't spoken to anyone all day, most everything was shut down for the off season, and I was getting drunk on my own, prior to staggering back to the hotel on my own. Gosh, I was having a good time.

What sustained me through this "holiday"? "Jane Eyre." I was reading the book for the first time and was starting to identify heavily with our downtrodden heroine. In particular, I remember on the third day taking the book to a vantage point on the hill where I could see the village, the fishing boats and the harbour, and where I could stretch out on the grass to read.

"Jane Eyre" is one of only two books I've ever read that made me cry as I was reading and turning the pages. (It's not easy sustaining two realities.) Remember the scene where Jane finally asserts herself? (It's just before she leaves the mansion and starts living in ditches.) I must have looked the fool on the hill.

But this is all away from my Greek Island story.

It was my last night on the island. I went to my regular hangout and ordered steak as a nationalistic gesture of independence. I would have used that line again but my straining ears could not detect an english speaking voice. I settled on another bottle of red and meandered the 400 metres along the waterfront back to my room. Some men from the village were dancing in the light from their local. I felt left out. I wanted to go home.

The ferry back to Piraeus was a heaving nightmare. I shared a beat up faded grey Mercedes cab with three Greek businessmen en route to the airport. When the cab stopped at a house that was obviously not the Athens airport, it occurred to me that "sharing" a cab with three men wasn't what I was doing. But it was okay - one just lived there and we were dropping him off. I arrived at the airport to find that the flight had been delayed five hours.

When I finally boarded the plane that was to take me back to London, I felt like I loved the world. I chatted endlessly to the passengers on either side of me, which normally I would never do. But they spoke English and I was expansive in my goodwill. I was so glad to be going home. Even if it meant admitting to Shaun that he was right, I couldn't wait to have a drink at my local and feel part of the gang again.

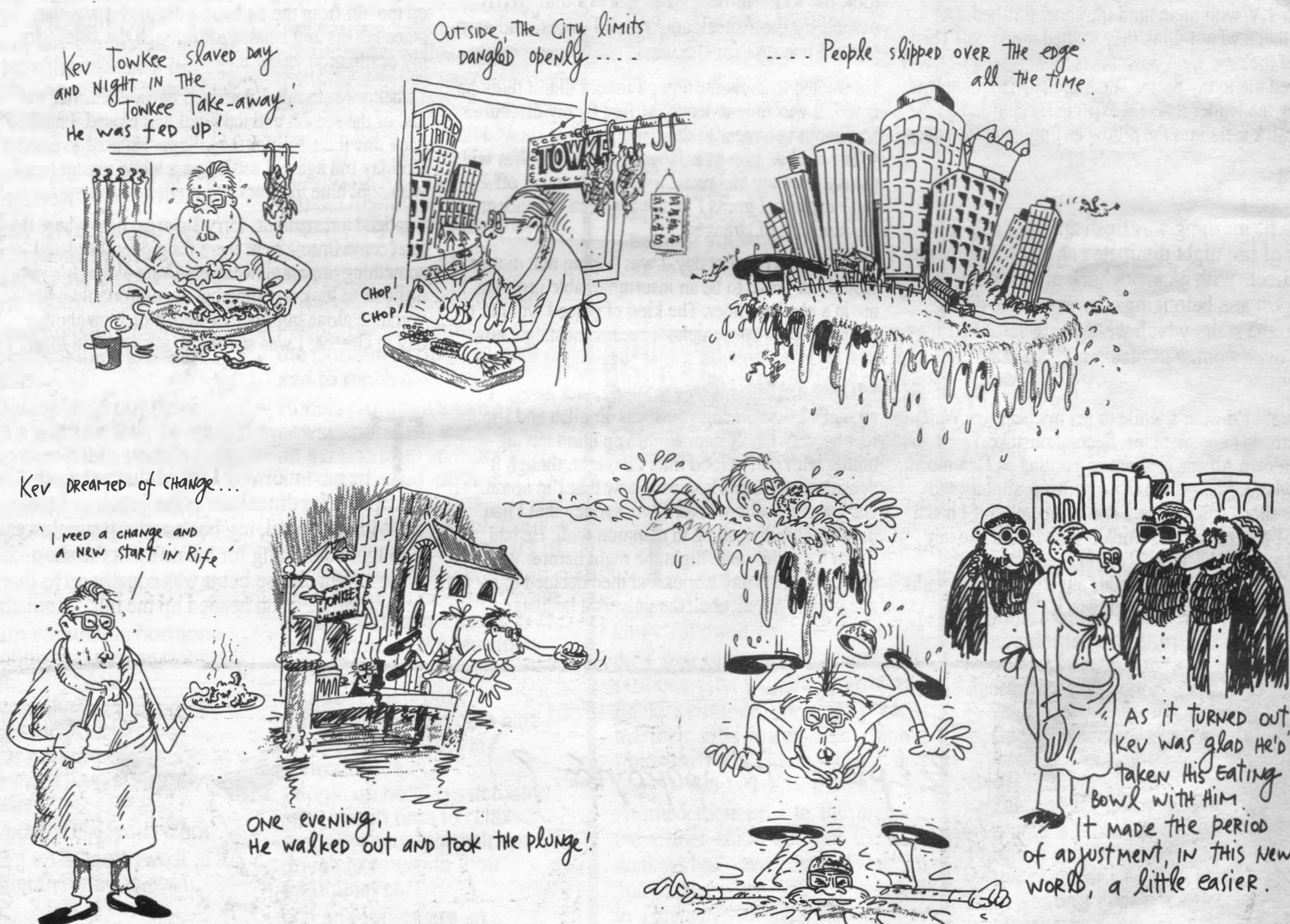
The only places I ever went after that were Bath and Brighton. They were great. I could go on my own, anonymous and bold, and speak the dialect.

Bath was more like Jane Austen than I'd hoped, and I wandered through the pump room and the Baths. For morning tea I had a Chelsea bun and sat in a deck chair in the park, listening to the municipal band.

When I visited Brighton I bought some fish 'n' chips and sat on the rough pebbled beach under an overcast sky. With my scarf around my ears and the duffle coat hunched tight against the wind, I looked at the - just like they said it would be - green Atlantic Ocean and thought "This will be a memory."

ASHLEIGH MERRITT

ΞΕΡΕΤΕ ΤΟ ΣΠΟΚΟΥΙΛΑ..?



BANNAN

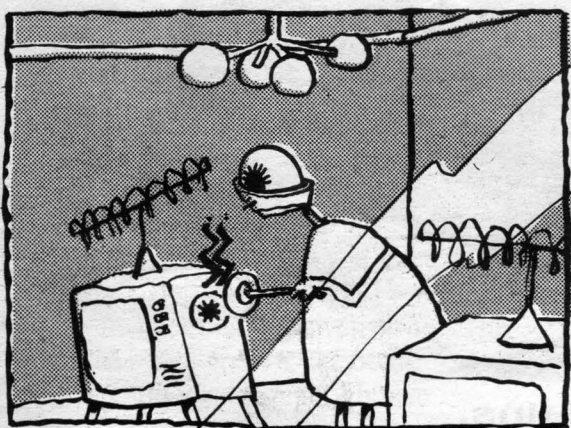
FERAL TELEVISION



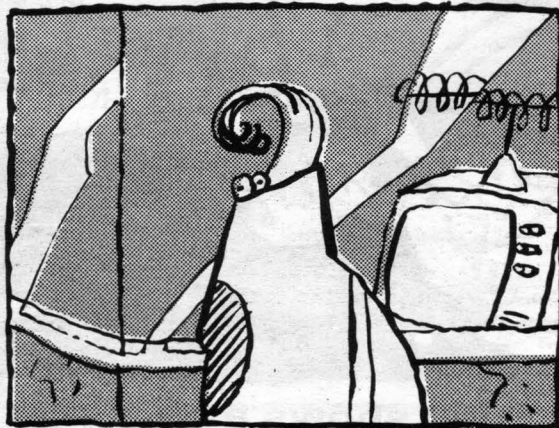
STORY SO FAR... In the last episode an escapee TV was a runaway success. You don't need a pinhead just to hang around, but it helps. The eye balls finally caught the outstanding set. Now turn on, tune in and drop off.



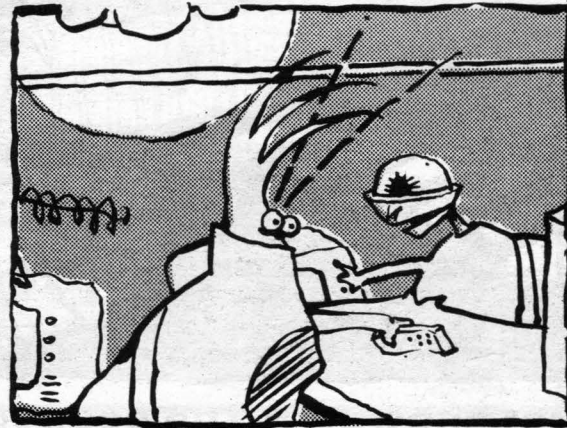
Is there a single thing wrong with this scene? When the thrill is gone, there's a million stories in the thrill city. Check out tonight's lineup. A pinhead gets into the picture.



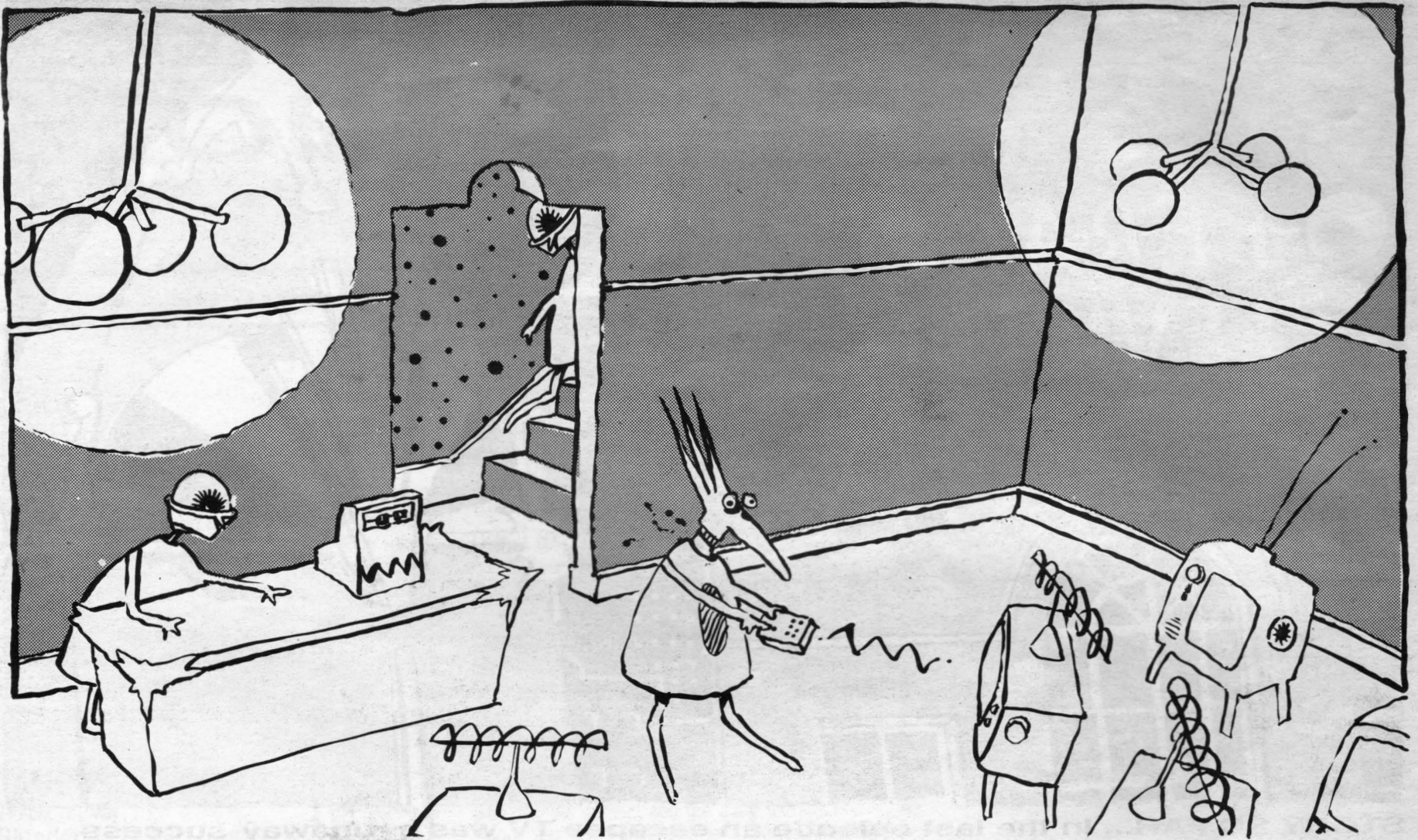
It's searing viewing. They're eyeballing the television!! Networking it over!!



When you're eyeless and gaga... do as the eyeballs do or just curl up and try?



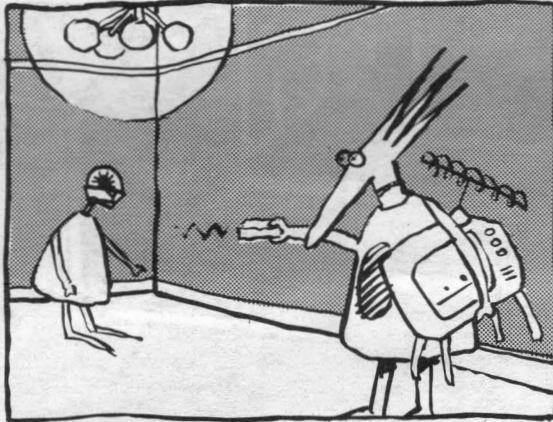
The pinhead is quicker than the eye. The ersatz eyeball has taken control.



Out of the blue and infra the red. The pinhead turns on quite a show. The management is cross-eyed.



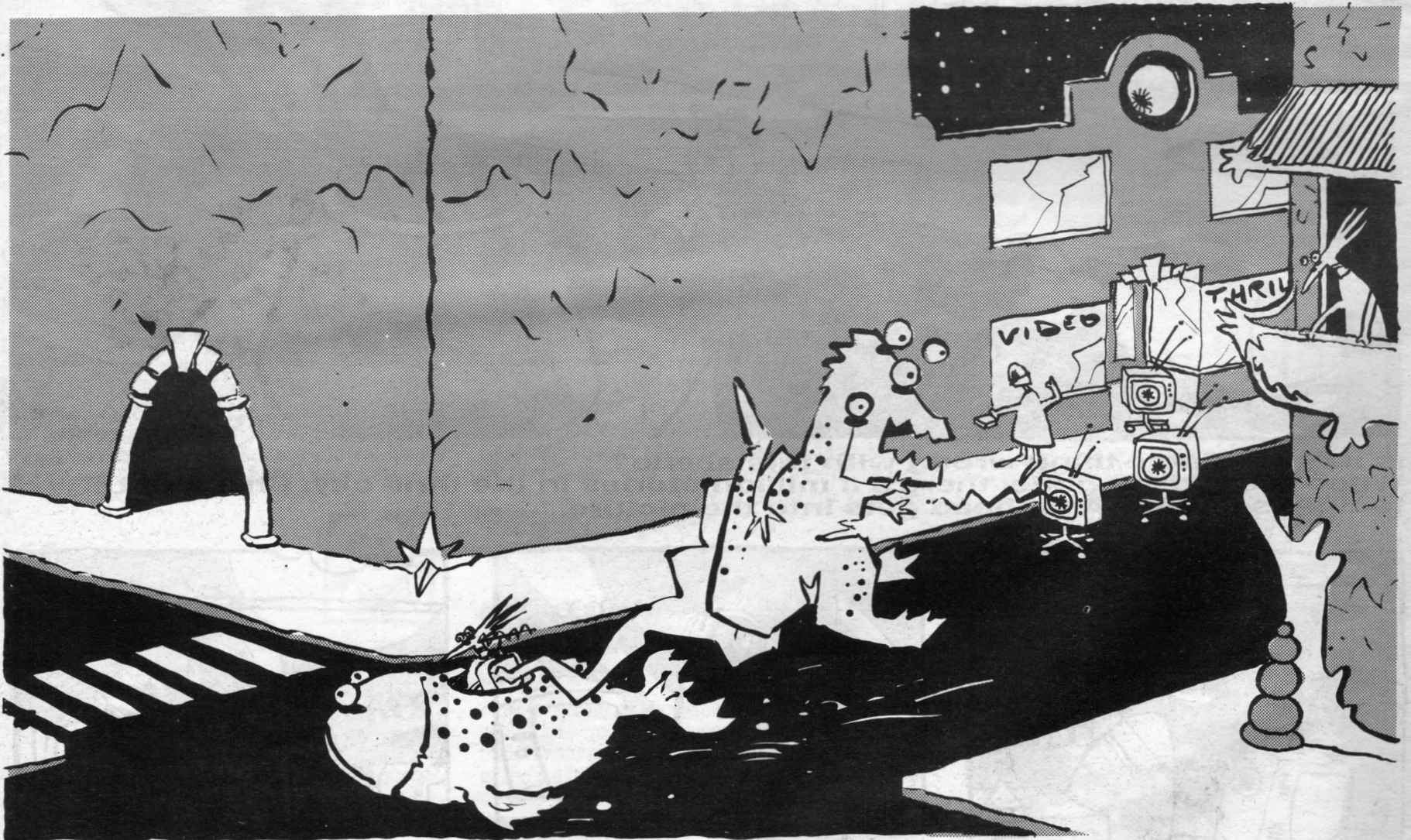
The late night viewing is over the hill but the cavalry has arrived.



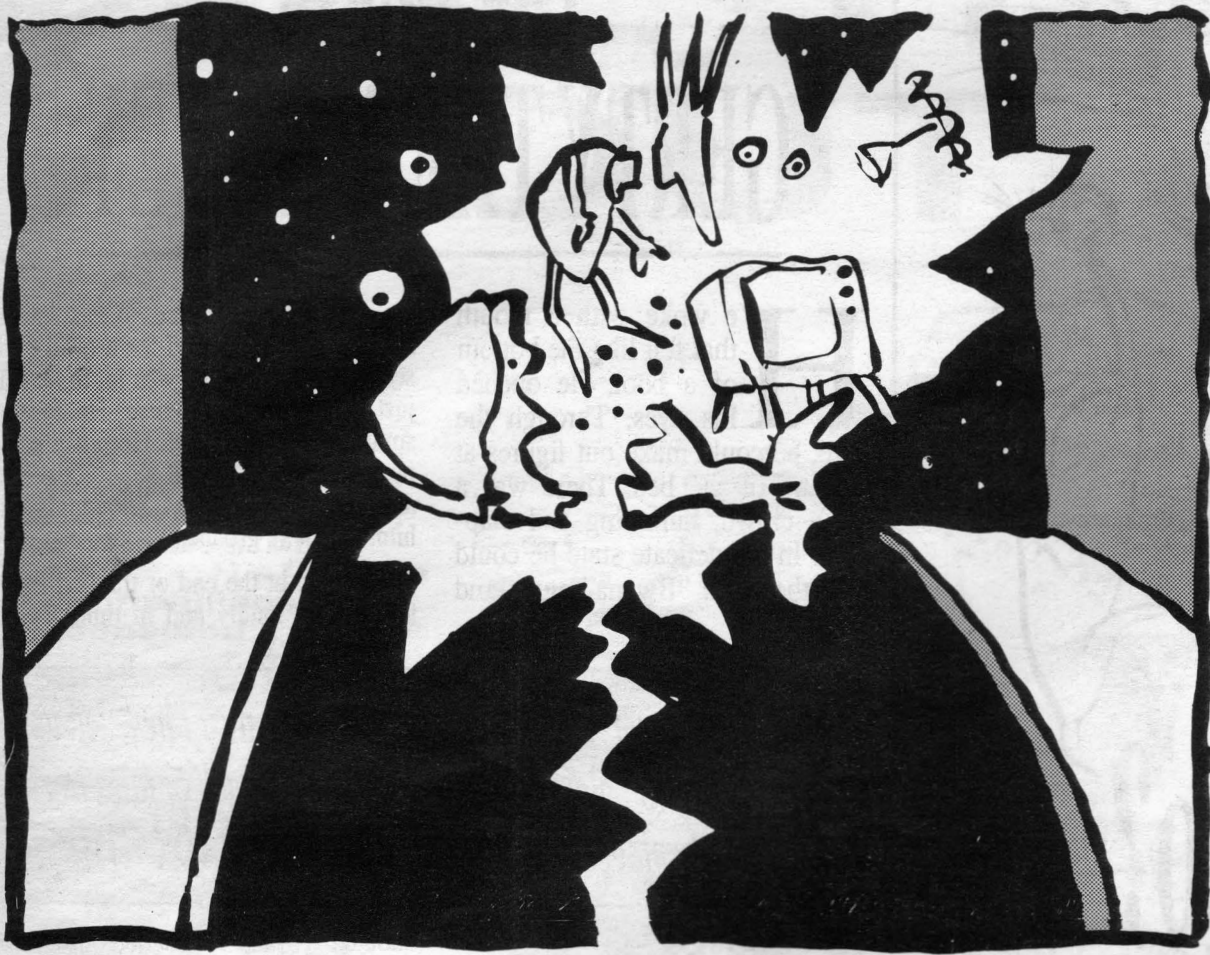
One out, all out, it's a rush! The object of desire is set aside. Just close your eyes.



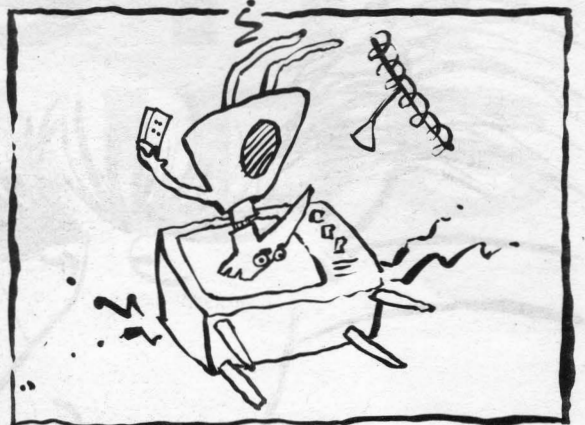
Outside: fish for a means of escape, set out and pin heads off.



Hot chowder!! The souped up fish shows a clean set of fins. How will the follow up program rate against this monster hit?



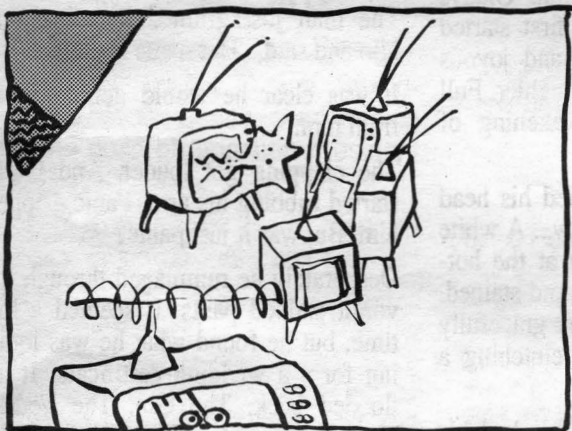
**Hungry for escape, they get fried fish.
Pity... that ichthyoid could've been a real challenger.**



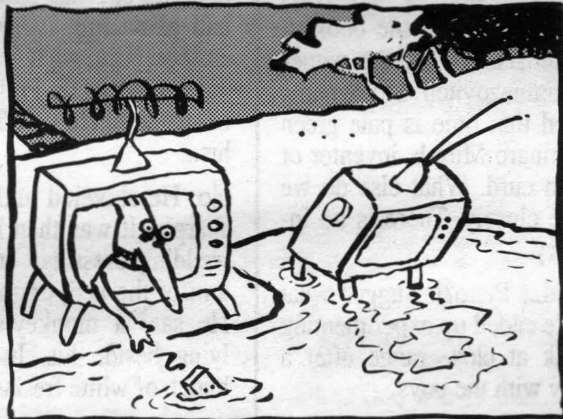
**Out of the flying pain and into the cathode
fire. This is a mergency.**



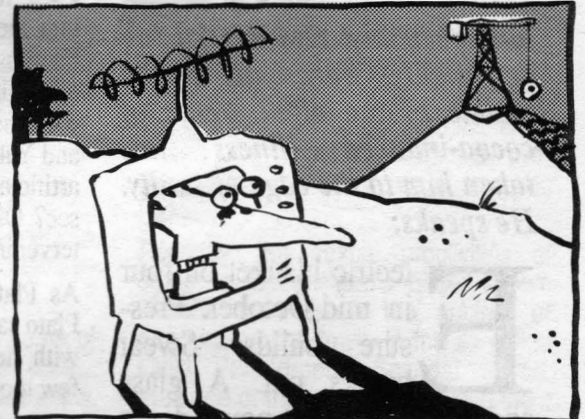
**Freedom is an attractive pin set. The wild TV's
have an idle idyll.**



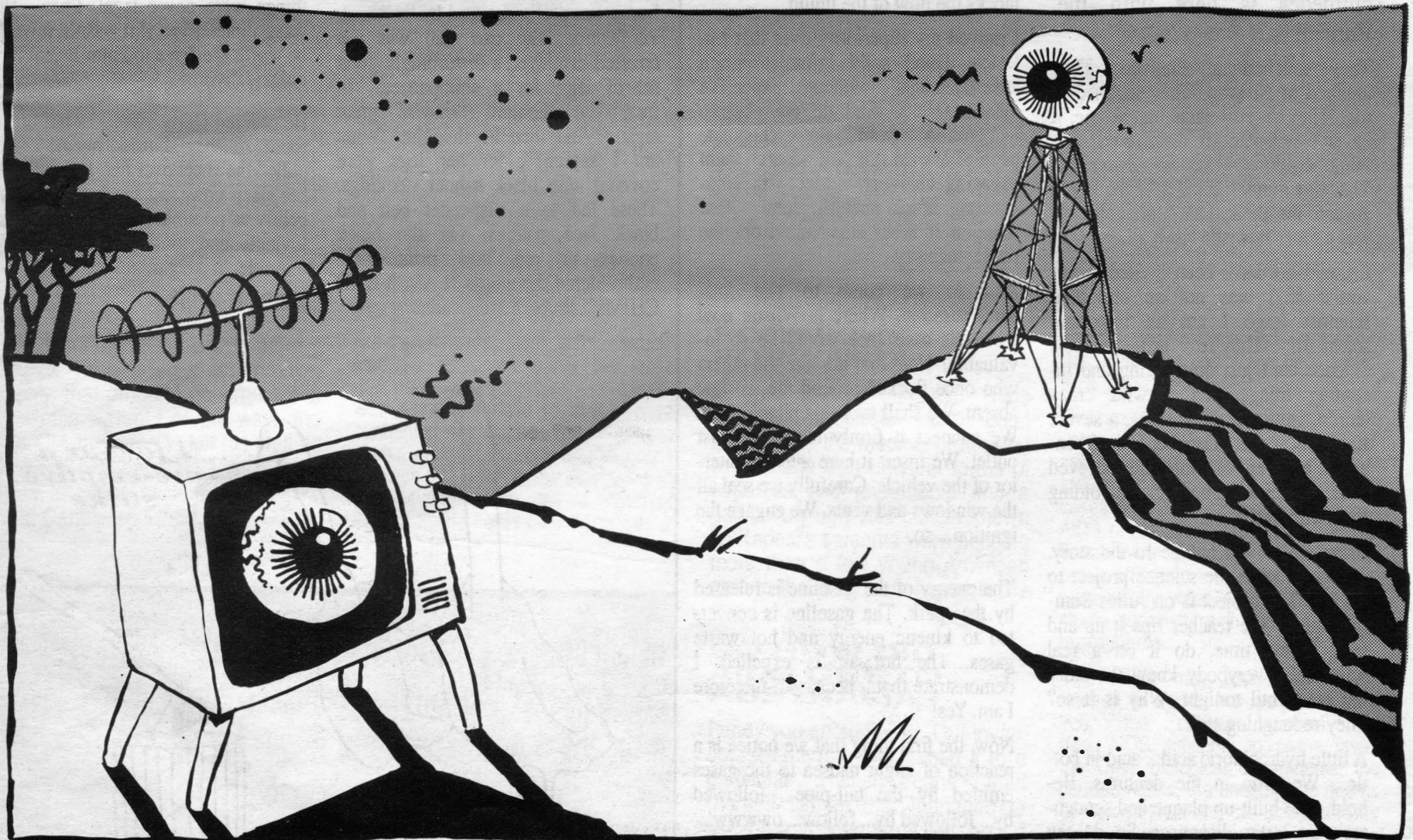
**We have nothing too feral, but feral itself isn't
enough. They're eyeing us off gradually.**



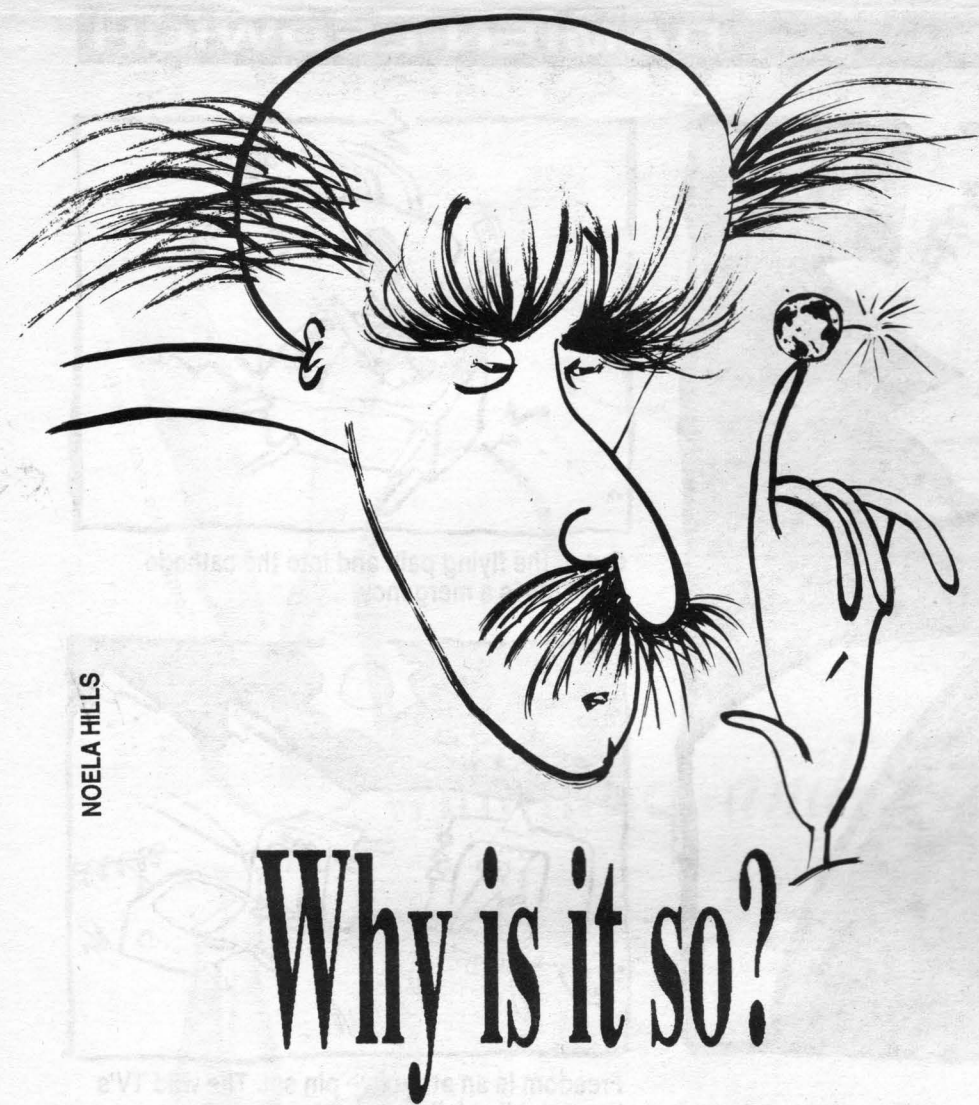
**It's time to get remote from controls.
Everyone's set for self control.**



**Here come the reprogrammers. This cult
viewing favourite isn't far enough off beam.**



**Tranmission transpires. A broad cast net works to catch the renegade sets.
It's all eyeballs on the small screen... Now!! See? This is the end.**



NOELA HILLS

Scene: Julius Sumner Miller, failed scientist and advertising personality, wakes up in the middle of the night. Years of cocoa-induced illness has taken him to the edge of sanity. He speaks:

Electric blanket on four in mid-October. Pressure builds. Sweat breaks out. A glass and a half of sweat pours down my face. I place myself in bath. Why is this soap? I feel that Archimedes is here with me. Eureka!

They laughed at Gallileo. They laughed at Newton. They laughed at me. They're still laughing at me. I haven't invented or discovered anything but I have 43 beans in every cup. That was mine. I knew how the liquid got into the chalk. That Marsh bitch - I was a fool - now she has it all.

I would not have been invited to advertise if I was not an important scientist (ergo I am an important scientist). They're just jealous. Science isn't just discovering and inventing things. It's a wild crazy hairdo, spittle at the camera, a severe Ill-a-nois accent, a pocket full of pencils in an oversize white short-sleeved shirt, and thick framed glasses holding back wild eyebrows.

Everyone of you has heard the story. The child takes the science project to teacher. The project is on Julius Sumner Miller. The teacher rips it up and says, "Next time, do it on a real scientist." Everybody knew the story but me. Until tonight. Why is it so? They're laughing still.

A little hydrochloric acid... acid in bottle... We drop in the dentures. Behold... the built-up plaque and scratch-resistant tartar disappear. So do the teeth.

I see it now. The time is fifty years into the future. We open the book of Famous Scientists. We see the names of Andrei Sumnezovitch Millovokov, who theorised that time is pale green and Yuki Sumnaro Mirrah, inventor of artificial bean curd. What else do we see? Observe closely. There is no intervening entry.

As Plato said... Plato?! Bugger what Plato said! He ended up experimenting with hemlock at close range after a few too many with the boys.

What I need is a drink. I grasp the bottle. I raise it to my lips. Wait for it! Wait for it! Damn! Egg in bottle blocks the flow of the liquid.

I proved my superiority over that Mr. Peach. Good solid information-rich advertisements without expensive location shots. And do we observe recognition from the chocolate people? We do not. We observe them engaging an ivory tinkler with uninteresting hair... one Mr. John whose function it is to erase me from the public memory.

And so we come to one final demonstration. Where is Wilson now when his assistance would be so invaluable? Note that he, like the others who once flocked around me, is now absent. We shall take this pliable tube. We connect it firmly to the exhaust outlet. We insert it here into the interior of the vehicle. Carefully we seal all the windows and vents. We engage the ignition... so.

The energy of the gasoline is released by the spark. The gasoline is converted to kinetic energy and hot waste gases. The hot air is expelled. I demonstrate that... because... therefore I am. Yes!

Now, the first thing that we notice is a reaction of slight nausea to the gases emitted by the tail-pipe... followed by... followed by... follow... owwww...

DAVID WILSON

The Tale of GERTY THE MONKEY

He woke with a mouth that felt like the bottom of a boot. He opened his eyes. Through the haze, he could make out figures at the end of the bed. There was a small crowd, humming and clapping. In his delicate state he could hear the word "Bwana" again and again.

He groaned and rolled to one side. Feeling sick he looked for a mirror to see just what state he was in. It would just make him feel worse. He saw a small bone in his nose. He felt a paw on his arm. He turned slowly around and the chimp smiled knowingly at him. Again he groaned.

The people at the end of the bed started to clap loudly and in time. They

Her legs were covered with black fishnet stockings. These led to a suspender belt and black lace panties. On the black panties in red lace print were embroidered the words "I AM A BAD CHIMP".

"Where am I?"

He reached out his arm and slowly ran it down the side of the bed. He felt nothing but the sheets Aunt Gladys had given him when he first started college. Oh, what happy and joyous days those were. Full of laughter. Full of carefree fun. The awakening of his...

No. He shivered and turned his head sharply. It was then he saw... A white wedding dress lay strewn at the bottom of the bed, crumpled and stained. He saw a monkey's arm gracefully lying beside his. It was clutching a bunch of white fresasias.

Frantically he searched the bedside table for his reading glasses.

Quietly she lay breathing. Her small frame was partly covered by the sheet. Partly not. The part that was not covered displayed a disturbingly good set of legs, for a chimpanzee. "In fact," he thought, "they're great legs..." And then he thought, "What am I saying?", for her legs were covered with black fishnet stockings. These led to a suspender belt and black lace panties. On the black panties in red lace print were embroidered the words "I AM A BAD CHIMP".

shouted "Bwana". He called one over.

"Excuse me, but could you tell me what happened last night?"

The man just grinned knowingly at him and said, "Her name is Gerty."

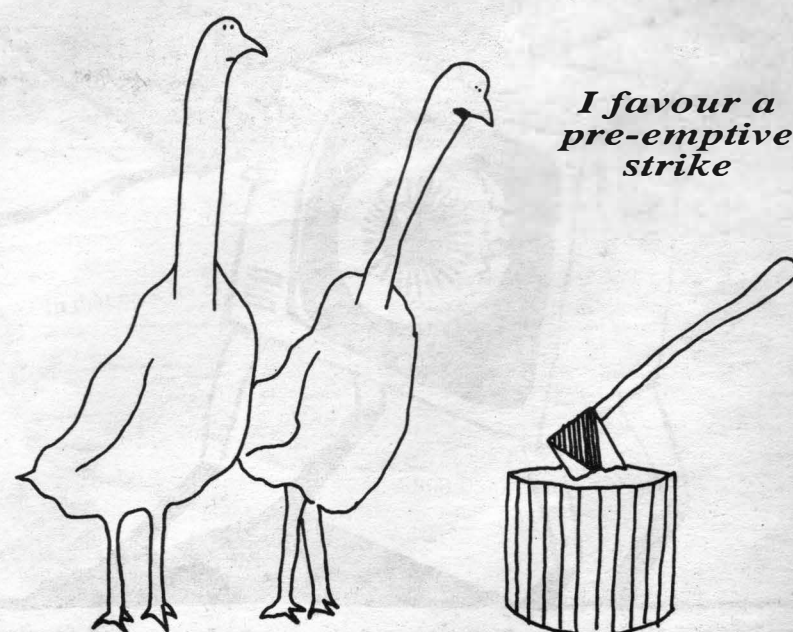
It was clear he would get no more from him.

The clapping got louder. And Gerty started rubbing his arm. Panic gripped him. But was it just panic?

Desperately he rummaged through his vomit stained pants. It seemed a life time, but he found what he was looking for - a wedding certificate. It all flooded back. The Gin. The Vodka. The Rum-punch. He looked at the wedding certificate. It was nothing more than a quickie \$5 job. Those things were never legal. Phew. This was a cinch. Even if it wasn't, it would be worth the drive to Palm Beach for a quickie divorce.

He ordered Gerty's keepers out of the room. As they shuffled out he gently pulled the sheet over her. He would let her sleep now, and break the news as gently as possible later. He patted her lovingly and, tossing a banana peel to one side, lit a cigarette.

ALISON MUIR



BRIAN PETERSON

Scorpion de Rooftrouser's TECHNOLOGY REPORT

FLANGE BOLTS & JACKHAMMERS

Well here I am in Germany. Your technology report this issue comes from Hernia, somewhere between Essen and Munster. It is a tiny village consisting of a factory, a farmhouse, and my little summer cottage which is located on a hillside next to a forest overlooking a creek and a steel mill.

I have been working extremely hard. I find myself waking up at night yelling "Tighten those goddamn flange bolts!". Truly. The company I am working with is called Krappmann Werke and the son of the founder, a certain Dr Pommel Krappmann, invented the jackhammer. Truly. The first prototype is in the office of the current Geschäfts fuhrer. Also in this office (which is about the size of a tennis court) is a gigantic desk whose four legs were carved from tree trunks into the shape of miners using the jackhammers gleaming the Ruhr kohle and berit double under the weight of the massive desk top.

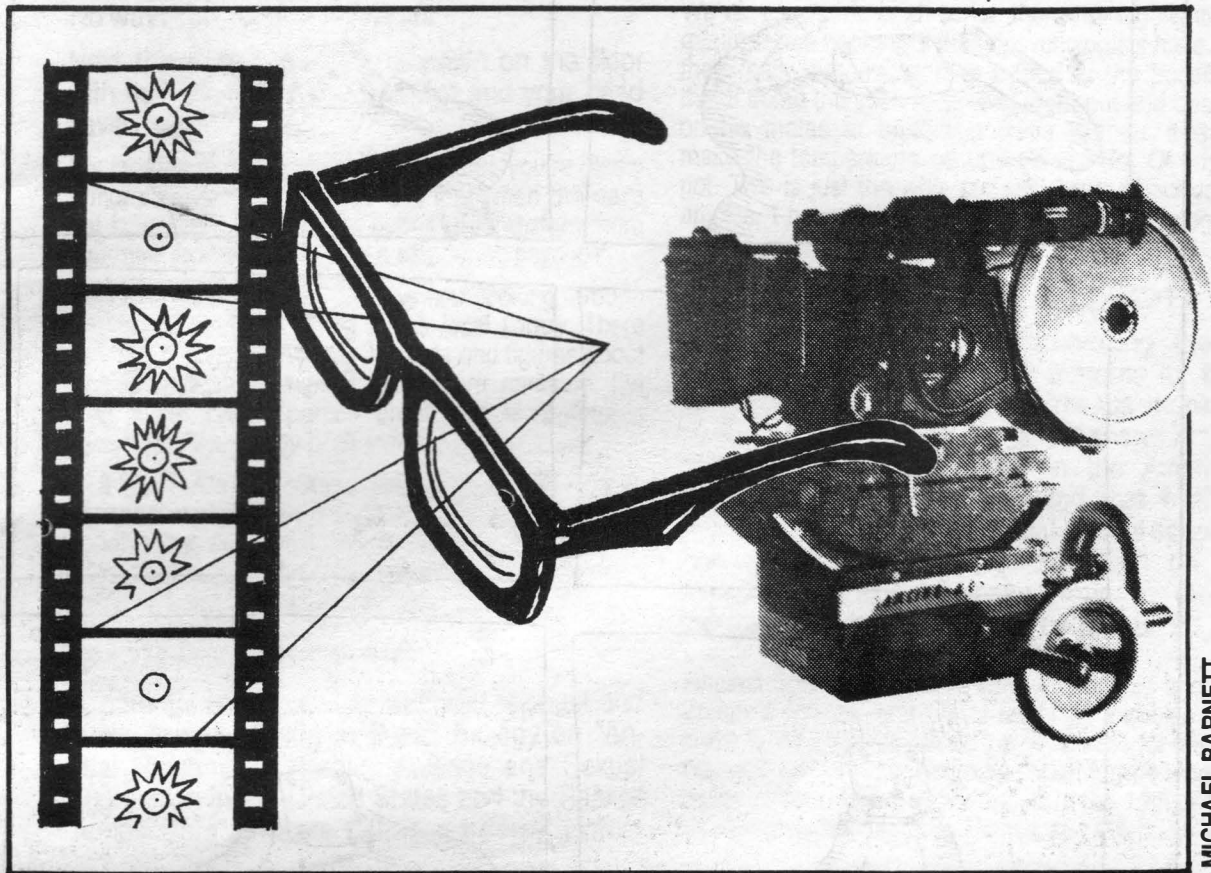
On one side is a safe and in the safe is a 40lb artillery shell manufactured by Krappmann during the first war when they had 3000 employees. The story goes; the first Krappmann made the company, the second expanded it and the third, Himmel, was more interested in music, literature and baroque furniture than jackhammers and compressors. Can you blame him? How he felt about little boys is not recorded. Anyway the company failed under his leadership and was bought out by the current owners who sneer when they see a photo of old Himmel and say, "Look at him, he looks like a Frenchman." This seems to be about the biggest insult a German can make.

Anyway, I'm working on the development of a new miniature screw compressor based on certain inventions of yours truly. So I sit in the design office and design away and have all day to think and behave in any way I see as appropriate. Needless to say I was accepted by the others in the design office with the same degree of friendliness shown to the plant manager of Chernobyl. Nonetheless they are forced

My greatest influences on design appearance are the 1952 Kindemann slide projector, the Gogomobile, and the 1954 Siemens telex machine. You know that "I will survive the nuclear holocaust" sturdiness.

to accept me as I have an almost unheard of (in Germany) quality. Creativity.

The Germans are a touch uninventive, I suppose you could say, and when I make three inventions before lunch I don't make a lot of German friends in the process. The Germans are superlative developers and honers of ideas, but true inventors are very rare and consequently, once recognised, much treasured and quite famous. I am aspiring to the crown of Walther Flammel, the current undisputed champion compressor designer in all Germany and therefore the world. His two interests are screw compressors and tropical fish, and he's not really very interested in the fish. He is the archetypal industrial designer, engineer, and all round rich person. My own methods of design



MICHAEL BARNETT

inspiration differs from Herr Flammel in one main respect. I talk to the workers. This is unheard of. Also, I touch the machines. This is virtually incredible.

JUPITER & THE ROTOR RALPH

The problem we are grappling with is making the machine smaller. The oil sump is filled with a mixture of air and oil. The small bubbles of air in the oil expand and contract with changes in pressure which causes an instantaneous foaming, which upsets all the other functions in the machine. We must eliminate this foam! (Try saying that in German.)

which spins at high speed trapping the riders against the cyclone mesh walls by centrifugal force. Anyway the G force acted on the brave rider's alimentary system who could only turn sideways and call for RALPH. I realised straight away that this was the principle to be applied and after some further minor inspiration from a Hills garden sprinkler and a spin dryer, I realised what may be a major advance in screw compressor technology.

Of course I had to demonstrate the principle and grabbed a bottle of coke and a cup and pouring a good head into the cup I windmilled it Billy'o'Tea fashion, crushing the foam in no uncertain manner. My co-workers were most impressed. Excited we rushed to the Geschäfts Fuhrer's office and, coke not being available, I yelled "Beer's OK" and repeated the experiment. Unfortunately the aforementioned desk maliciously jumped out and struck my hand rendering the experiment a null hypothesis.

What I'm trying to do is design a complete machine which consciously reflects its Germanness. Whatever criticisms one makes of the Germans it is comforting to find that quality means something here where the tinny fall-apart quick-buck architecture and artefacts of American civilisation don't rule.

My greatest influences on design appearance are the 1952 Kindemann slide projector, the Gogomobile, and the 1954 Siemens telex machine. You know that 'I will survive the nuclear holocaust' sturdiness with which all three are built and that peculiar style of German sheetmetal work and graphics. Therefore I have already decided the cover will be black enamel sheetmetal, sensually curved, with the rest of the machine grey. There will be some huge red and green buttons jutting out like snail's eyes.

Of course the 1986 Germans want to make it all plastic like the dashboard of a new Audi.

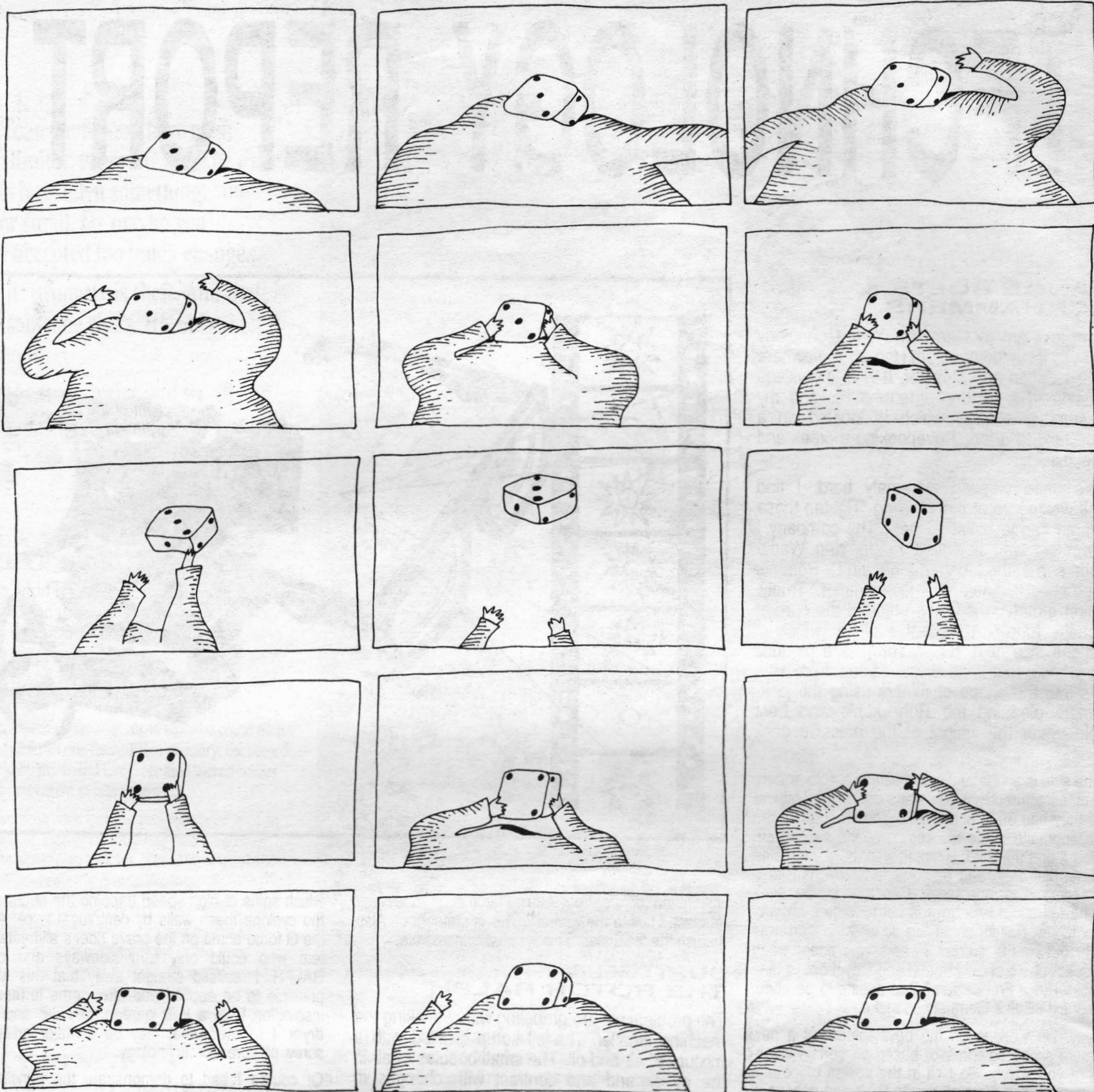
FAT PEOPLE & THE TREE MACHINES

You will be pleased to know that my solar engine goes very well. I take long walks in the forest to think about it and work off some of the gigantic

One day it occurred to me that the foam can exist only in a weak gravitational field and it was immediately obvious that the machines would operate beautifully on Jupiter where the gravity is 30 times that of the Earth. Notwithstanding the negative effect on the skeletal structure of the operator, I was struck by the relevance of this observation and communicated it with genuine verve to my co-workers, whose faces registered a blank expression of growing horror similar to the hapless residents of Hiroshima watching things falling from the sky.

Despite their lack of encouragement I immediately remembered a story about a voyager at a fun fair who, after consuming several dozen chiko rolls, bought a ticket for the ROTOR, you know that cylinder

A Change of Mind...



JUDY DUNN

DUNN

Rooftrouser

growth around my midriff. (In every thin person there are at least two fat people trying to get out.)

I have evolved a complete system where not only sun and wind make inputs. Because of the phenomenon local to much of the world (ie. cold winter nights with no wind) a third source of energy must be found.

Therefore I have invented an entirely new solar collector which incorporates its own long term storage mechanism and has extremely low manufacturing costs. I have called it the tree. The solar collectors and wind turbines both convert sunlight and mechanical energy into heat which is stored in huge insulated concrete blocks the size of houses. This storage is good for a couple of days. When the input level is too low, wood is burnt, recharging the thermal storage. The wood is grown on marginal agricultural land and land that is currently being subsidised to grow wheat (or subsidised not to grow wheat) or sugar or any of the dozens of agricultural products produced in vast excess by the west.

These areas of land would be planted with a variety of vegetation to fix nitrogen, etc, etc, so insecticide and fertilisers would not be needed. Since quality of wood is not the problem as it all burns, this would mean large natural environments could be allowed to flourish. The wood would be harvested on a slow rotation basis. Thus high employment. Because it is uneconomical to move wood long distances the power stations would be numerous, small and widely dispersed, ending the monstrous and polluting 1200 megawatt kraftwerks and high voltage lines.

With the wood contribution reaching 30% of the total solar input (I hope to prove) power could be generated more cheaply than at present. The creation of these large forests and the elimination of acid rain would also prevent the massive buildup of CO2 in the atmosphere which is threatening the whole ecosystem.

So my long term ambition is unchanged as ever. To save the world. I have a vision of a little power station every couple of miles. The engine is a huge slowmoving mechanism wheezing and majestically spinning a generator. The design of the engine, the house, and all the bits and pieces would be as diverse as the places and the people who used them and the synergy of the whole system would help prevent the alienation of people not only to their environment but to technology as well.

SCORPION DE ROOFTROUSER

Scorpion De Rooftrouser is an Australian engineer, designer, inventor and Cane Toad Times contributor currently in Germany. This Technology Report was brought to you by Skoll and Krossbones, distillers of fine Yugoslavian Slivovitz.

I have invented an entirely new solar collector which incorporates its own long term storage mechanism and has extremely low manufacturing costs. I have called it the tree.

IF IT ISN'T SPLATTER IT DOESN'T MATTER

DEPRESSION WET DREAMS

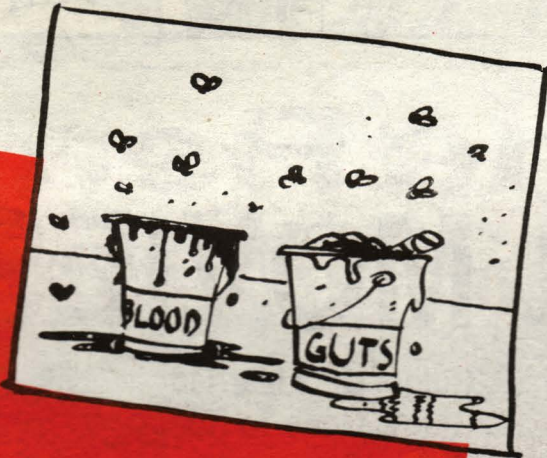
Hollywood is a dirty, dirty town and the only thing that really counts is money. Let's face it, the place was built by the Mafia to launder the proceeds of their illicit liquor sales during the Prohibition and all that da guys in da pin-striped suits ever asked for was a decent return on their investment... say around 2000% a year.

The Mafia, as generations of drug abusers can attest, isn't that fussy about the quality of the product, whatever it may happen to be. Anyone who could spin a reasonable, money-making yarn on celluloid was rewarded with wealth, fame, power and prestige and anyone who produced a dud found themselves starring in the next Jacques Costeau movie.

It was all so simple when the studios' monopoly was first established in the twenties. The main ingredients in a film were a man, a woman and money and the lack of the last by the first was the major problem in attaining that always elusive, middle ingredient. Other than that it was open slather and Hollywood's founding fathers, D.W. Griffin and Cecil B. De Mille, spread

avoiding any personal contact with the conflict). The movies were as clean-cut as the heads of the G.I.s and very little mention was made of the spilling entrails and severed arteries that actually form such a crucial part of the real experience of war.

After the war, as the real war got underway, the



Monster-A-Go-Go, The Gruesome Twosome, A Taste of Blood, The Wizard of Gore and The Gore Gore Girls.

By the late sixties, the Hays Commission was history and Hollywood got on the bloodwagon. *Bonnie and Clyde* was pretty graphic but it took Sam Peckinpah to really make the break with *The Wild Bunch*. Then it was on for young and old. The blood kept flowing with George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* and Tobe Hooper's *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and the audience really lapped it up. Hollywood saw the blood on the wall and the Splatter Genre was born.

By the mid-seventies local Hollywood butchers were as wealthy as their film mogul customers as they recycled their off-cuts out of the mouths of dogs and through the front gates of Twentieth-Century Fox.

THE MAFIA HAS THE DEAL FOR YOU

The financiers up in Vegas had no problem with the genre. They had followed their freshly laundered money out west and set up their own Kingdom of Chance right in the middle of the Nevada Desert, just a spit downwind from a nuclear testing range. Drugs were big business and the Mafia was the only organization with the experience and background to beat the Prohibition-type situation, but a certain amount of weirdness goes with the territory. Soon everyone was breaking the drug dealer's Golden Rule: Don't Get High On Your Own Supply.

Rumour has it that the Boss of Bosses wanted a high-price hooker with big debts eliminated as a message to the street so they flew in a high-price, New York director who owed a lot of favours to capture the action in living, and dying, colour. When the Boss saw

government wasn't about to let a valuable ideological weapon like the movie biz fall back into the hands of a bunch of Sicilian perverts and commie deviants. Anyone who was now, or who had ever been, able to rub two neurones together or shown any desire to use the medium creatively was kicked out of the industry. Senator Joe McCarthy made his monumental contribution to American culture by sending Charlie Chaplin and Ingrid Bergmann on a one-way holiday to Europe. America slept through the fifties.

BYE BYE BEACH BLANKET BIMBO

Eventually the U.S.A. got into space, Timothy Leary got into drugs and the kids got weird. A lot of them wouldn't go to Vietnam and those that did came back weirder than ever. They looked like Charles Manson and had the ideas to match. No longer were they satisfied with An-



the sex and gore as thick and wide as was necessary to keep the audience awake and coming back for more.

During the Depression Hollywood found its true calling as the dream factory and even if the dreams got a bit wet, well who was going to tell the Mafia to cool it. They even employed communists because, though they were trouble-making turkeys who were always trying to slip in some graphic details that would give the product "meaning", at least they could write.

PURGE THE SCUM-SUCKING PUS

There were various attempts to censor and control Hollywood's output as a variety of Tinsel Town's top celebrities pushed the button a little too hard and their sex, drugs and boogie-woogie antics became grist for the tabloid's mills. By the mid-thirties, following a heavy bout of political lobbying by the Catholic Legion for Decency, Hollywood accepted a form of self-regulation that was overseen by the Hays Commission. The Commission's clear aim was to purge the scum-sucking pus and their filthy scripts back to the gutters. From now on it was one foot on the floor, no dabbling below the waist-line and no activity between the ears. The dictates of "good taste" ruled out any accurate depiction of reality.

Then came the war and Hollywood became an obedient part of the U.S. war machine with Ronnie Reagan pumping out gung-ho propaganda (and

nette Funicello in *Beach Blanket Bimbo* as they rolled their Jaffas down the aisle on Saturday afternoon.

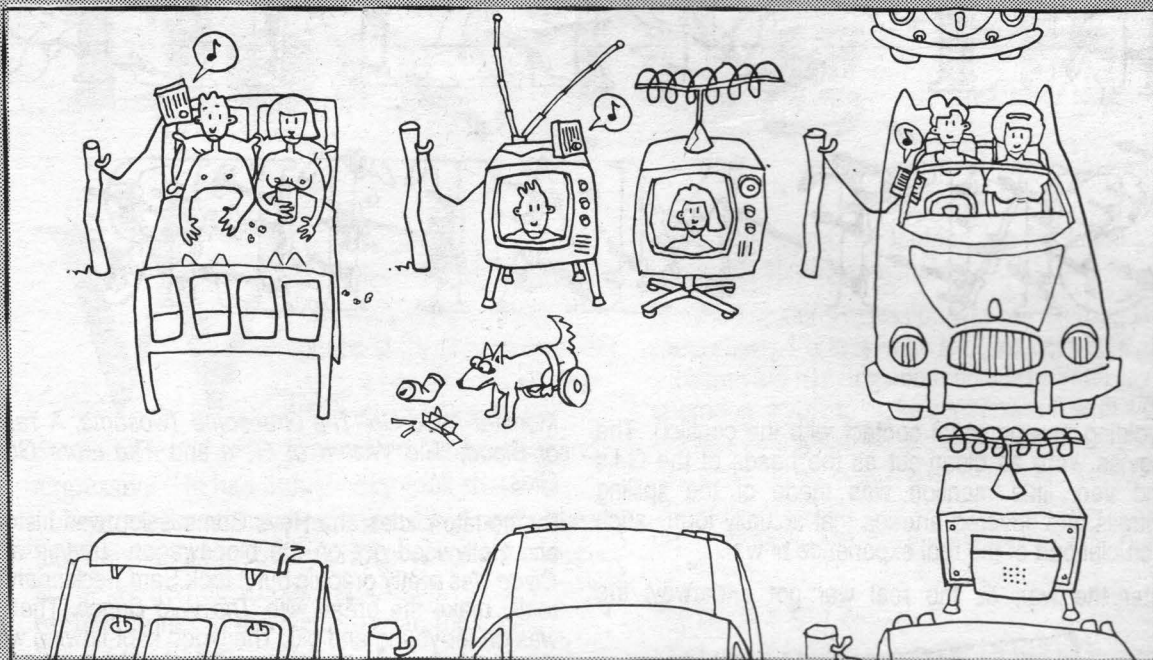
Suddenly, implied death wasn't good enough for the young cinema audience. They wanted to see it, feel it, taste it in their mouths. In short, they wanted veins between their teeth and a bunch of money-hungry independent producers were only too glad to oblige. Herschell Gordon Lewis was no longer a joke on the toilet wall at twenty cent peep shows, he was big business and blood went everywhere. He started the rampage with *Blood Feast* and followed up with classics like *2000 Maniacs*, *Color Me Blood Red*,

the product, the body on the screen wasn't the only thing that was stiff and he realized that they had a hot property and the snuff movie was born. The movie was marketed without any credits and with the slogan "A film that could only be made in South America.....where life is CHEAP". The feminist backlash was enough to make it a big hit.

LAST MONTH'S MEAT TRAY

Which brings us to the present day and state of the art gore: *The Reanimator*. How do you make money in Hollywood today? It's simple. Take the already hideously overworked plot of a crazed scientist hell bent on instilling life back into the clinically dead, add a couple of all-American medical students and mix it up with the leftovers of last month's meat tray raffle from the local pub. Place the aforementioned into a blender,

SASHA MIDDLETON



Pick The Real SUMMER MOVIES

1. Cat On A Wet Tile Roof
2. Endless Summer
3. Summer Holiday
4. Summer Employment
5. Summer of '42
6. Sizzling Sucks (NZ Film Commission)
7. Blood Beach
8. Horror Of Party Beach
9. Beach Blanket Samurai
10. Caged Heat
11. Geek Maggot Bingo
12. Flesh Eating Idiots
13. Blood Buggers of Pig Beach
14. Fahrenheit 451
15. Nightmare In The Sun
16. Gidget
17. Gidget Goes Hawaiian

18. Gidget Gets Married
19. Gidget Goes To Rome
20. Gidget Grows Up
21. Gidget Goes All The Way
22. Gidget Comes
23. Gidget Comes Back
24. Gidget Gets Custody
25. Gidget Unwraps her Beach Towel
26. The Butthole Surfers Do Gidget
27. Gidget Gets Scragged
28. The Invasion Of The Gidget Zombies
29. Gidget Just Goes On Forever
30. How To Stuff A Wild Bikini
31. Prince's Papal Reign
32. Sandy Sex
33. Mussel Beach Party

34. Tupperware Beach Party
35. Heat Wave
36. A Place In The Sun
37. The Sun Comes Up
38. The Sun Never Sets
39. The Sun Also Rises
40. The Sun Comes Up For A Little While And Then Goes Down Again
41. Midget Farrelly Meets Godzilla
42. Fire Down Below
43. White Heat
44. Prickly Heat
45. Jungle Fever
46. Hot Papal Knights
47. The Blob Goes Surfing
48. The Blob Goes Surfing Again
49. The Surfing Blob Meets The Godzilla And They Elope
50. The Hot Rock
51. Lust In The Dust
52. Summer Of My German Soldier
53. Some Like It Hot
54. Some Like It Tepid
55. Some Don't Like It At All
56. Hot Rods To Hell
57. Beach Head
58. True Grit
59. False Grit
60. The Kind Of Grit You're Not Sure About
61. Sands of Iwojima
62. The Bits Of Beryl
63. Bambi Meets Godzilla
64. On The Beach
65. Last Summer on Cribb Island

ANSWERS

2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 30, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 42, 43, 50, 51, 52, 53, 56, 58, 61, 63, 64.

SPLATTER

add a few time-lapse special effects, drain any hint of mental stimulant and let it sit until there is a green scum on the top. Then throw it at the screen and see if it sticks.

Just between you and me, the producers left *The Reanimator* out in the sun a little too long and it doesn't stick at all. There isn't even a hint of satire in this film that would put it into the bad-is-good category that saved such classics as *I Spit On Your Grave*, *The Toxic Avenger* or anything with Divine. While some splatter films manage to parody themselves in a humorous and self-conscious way, *The Reanimator* is just bad and leaves you with nothing to think about except the admission price. Let's zoom in for a close up on *The Reanimator* to see how low Hollywood can go.

Herbert West is a medical student who moves to the States from Zurich where he has been studying under the infamous Dr Groober. He moves in to a share-type situation with Daniel Kane and soon Dan's cat is pretty dead.

Herbert (like any good flatmate) puts the cat into the

fridge and Dan's nightly dreams of earning twelve grand a day and playing golf on Wednesday are rudely interrupted by cat screams. Yes, Herb has got the old Frankenstein formula and, along with the scriptwriters, isn't worried about giving it another lash.

OFF TO THE MORGUE

Dan does the all-American thing and squeals to the authorities, in this case the Dean of the Medical School. Like all good Deans, he immediately suspends Dan for having unscientific ideas and, like all good fathers, tells him to stay away from his daughter who Dan has been utilising for gynaecology prac.

But one old Dean can't stop Science from uncovering the possibility of human immortality, so the lads set off to the morgue to try a few experiments. Soon there is more gore on the screen than in your average bullfight. The Dean comes down to the morgue to reprimand these whacky young scientists and receives some messy lacerations for his trouble.

Meanwhile the neurology lecturer finds out about the formula and (like all good lecturers) decides to steal his student's best ideas. Of course he fails but not before he has given the Dean a lobotomy. The lecturer's evil determination as he spreads blood and bone all over the Eastern seaboard saves this film

from being a total loss. The ending is worth the wait if you haven't already seen the end of *Poltergeist*.

SUCK'N'SEE SENSURROUND

So what does the future hold for splatter freaks? No new storylines seem apparent, so it's all going to be in the technique. We have already had *Scratch'N'Sniff* with *Polyester* and Reagan's appeal to apple pie has driven any mention of the Snuff Movie deep underground where it will hopefully disappear altogether.

There are only so many ways you can get blood out of a body. But there is always an audience for something just a little weirder and a bit more graphic than what they saw last Saturday night. We feel that the obvious direction is *Suck'N'See Sensurround* where unemployed meat workers fresh from Mudginberri are brought into Hoyts to unceremoniously and indiscriminately throw buckets of blood and offal into the audience at appropriate moments.

So when they are handing out raincoats and butcher's aprons at the cinema doors and the liver lands in your lap, remember, you read about it here first.

PAUL SCOTT and STEPHEN STOCKWELL

When The Heat Was On

When Tex and Pete settled into Mackay's Grand Hotel bar on that Tuesday afternoon they were the most interesting news around. Here were two hip, hot bikies with wads of money and an inkling to spend it. By closing time, Tex was on the promise of some good grass from a petrol head named Chester who was being boring with two girls, Maureen and Cheryl.

Pete was in a darts game with a couple of Terror Dactyls, members of the local bike gang. They were speeding and so was he. He'd snorted a line in the toilet.

"So what's the go on some bulk speed?"

"All good things come to those who wait," counselled Animal, the Sergeant-at-Arms. "Do you want to come for a run tomorrow?"

"Sure," said Pete.

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" Ferret asked Pete. "Weren't you at Bathurst when we burnt the cop shop last year?"

"Don't think so," replied Pete. "But then who can ever remember Bathurst?"

After closing time, Tex found himself in the back of a Chester's Torana wandering back and forth across Mackay in search of the elusive dope. They scored a few bongs from people they met along the way but the dealer had been there yesterday. Meanwhile Tex and Maureen were getting friendly. After midnight they got to Maureen's and she invited him in. They went upstairs to bed.

The next day back at the Grand, Tex found Pete hotting up his bike for the run with the Terror Dactyls.

"Any luck?" Tex asked.

"I think I'm on to some speed," Pete said, on his way out.

"Did you score for me?" Tex asked Maureen when they met that morning over coffee.

"No," she said, "but if you're that desperate, we'll go visit a friend."

"That'd be great," said Tex.

At the "friend's" house the smell of incense was strong. Max, an English teacher, was obviously out of his tree. They smoked and talked. It got late and Maureen took Max aside. She returned with a wink and she and Tex drove off soon afterwards.

"You're in luck, lad," Maureen said as she tossed a half a bag his way.

"How much?" asked Tex.

"On the house," she said. "He liked you."

Next morning, after Maureen had left for school, Tex put half the dope and fifty dollars under the tea towels in a kitchen drawer.

Pete was waiting for him back at the Grand. "I know I'm on to something," said Pete. "I'm one of them."

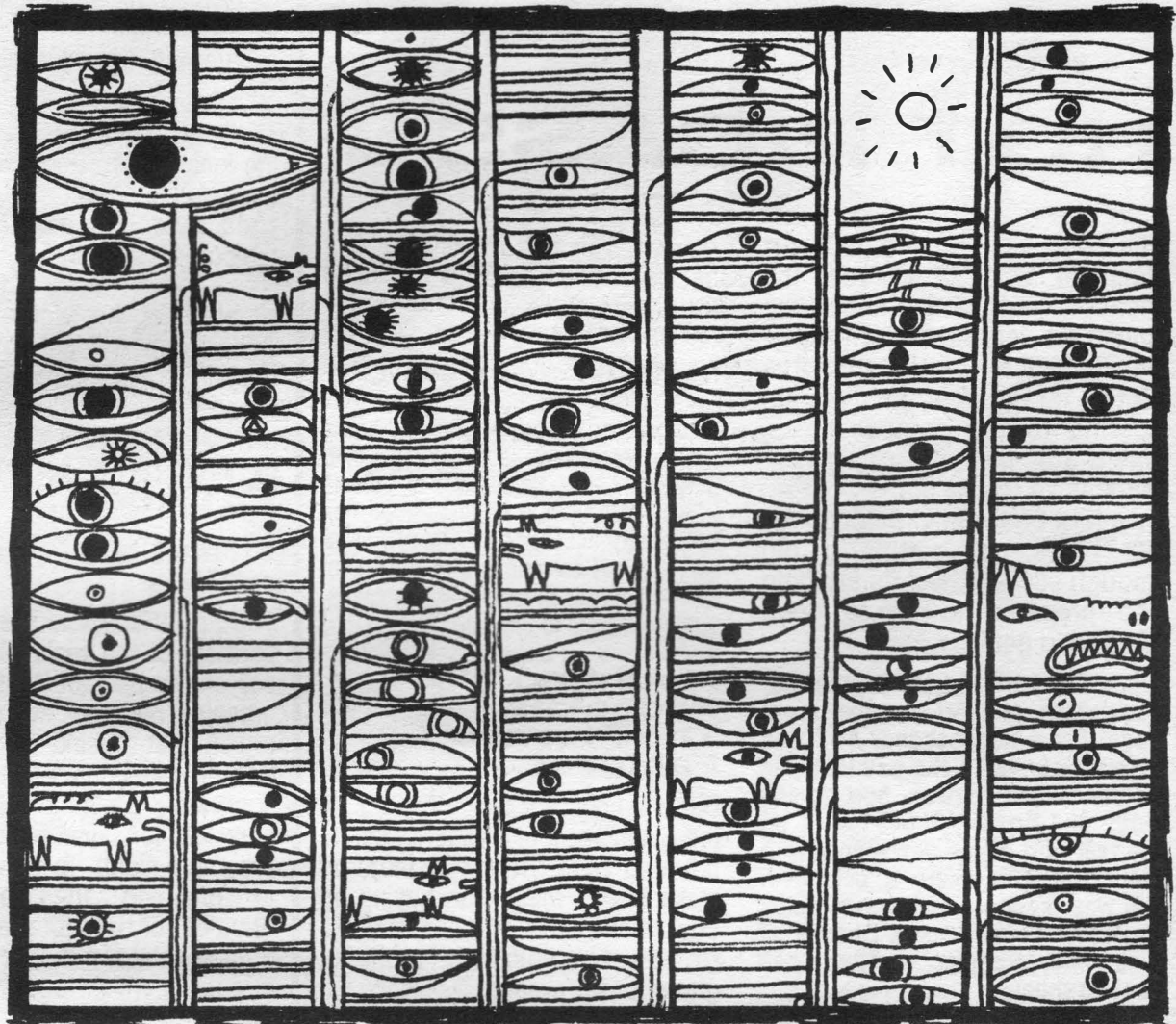
"What, a Terror Dactyl?" asked Tex.

"Well almost. We rode out to some National Park and I saw a datura plant. We ate a few seeds. A good trip, nothing heavy. Then they took me somewhere in the bush, they call it headquarters and there was a big fire, lots of drinking and a fucktruck."

"Sounds like my kind of party," said Tex.

"Yeah, but they are very particular about the company they keep," said Pete. "They said they would talk about getting me some bulk speed tonight."

"Good one," said Tex. "I loaded up that sheila. I think I'll just go and root her again tonight."



MICHAEL BARNETT

When Pete got to the "headquarters" the party was already raging. Pete worked on catching up and as midnight approached he was well away. The hard core of the Terror Dactyls gathered around the fire and a chant began: "Dong the grunter. Dong the grunter."

Pete felt a little uneasy. Then Ferret led out a piglet on a rope. He lifted it by its hind legs, holding it high above the fire. The Club President, a man known simply as Evil, stepped forward and cut the pig's throat with the flash of a knife. Immediately, Animal had a bucket under the pig to catch the blood.

"Here, mate," Evil said thrusting a stubby cooler of pig's blood into Pete's hands. "Business is built on trust, mate." He put his arm around Pete. "And what better way to do business than to share a pig's blood beer shake? Get it into ya."

Pete looked at the proffered brew doubtfully.

"What are ya," Evil asked, "a pansy or a cop?"

Pete grabbed the stubby cooler and drank the blood.

"You look after us and we'll look after you," said Evil.

As soon as he got a chance Pete went into the darkness to throw up. When he re-emerged into the firelight the Terror Dactyls were unusually quiet.

"It's tough being a cop, isn't it, mate?" Animal asked conversationally.

"What would I know?" said Pete.

"If there was a cop here, what would you do?"

Animal asked.

"I'd beat the shit out of him and then shove this up his bum," Pete said holding up a beer bottle. It was just another test. He knew the ropes even if he was off his tree. Show no fear.

Animal punched him squarely in the face. Suddenly he was surrounded.

"What's that for?" Pete asked.

"Don't kill him," said Evil as his boot smashed into Pete's face, "it'd only cause trouble."

Animal downed the last of his beer bottle and said "I can feel a XXXX coming on."

Pete woke up in the early morning sun. He was naked, shorn, with a broken nose, broken ribs and a sore arse.

Inspector Maloney laughed heartily at his story.

"You're useless," the Inspector told Pete. "You might as well be turning over the tow trucks for all the good you've done up here. At least you'd be making some money."

Back at the Grand, Tex was about to light up a big joint when Maloney and Pete walked in.

"Stow it," said Maloney. "I hope you've got better news than this bozo."

"Here's the list," said Tex.

"What about the sheila?" asked Pete. "You could do her for supply."

"I've been fucking her all week," said Tex. "It'd look bad in court."

"I don't care," said Maloney.

"Alright," said Tex writing Maureen's name and address down. "It's under the tea towels."

"Good work," said Maloney. "The Task Force boys are gonna love this lot." He paused and turned. "Make sure you bastards are in Tully by Tuesday."

CLIFFORD CLAWBACK

REMOVED TO
A.C.T.

The Australian Cultural Terrorists' superb recent showing at the Victorian Art Gallery

HOT PICASSO

The Big Event on the 1986 Art Calendar was, of course, the Picasso Theft, de-installed from under the very noses of the National Gallery of Victoria. The motive for the appropriation, according to the popular press, was the engineering of a cheap (expensive really) publicity stunt by a lot of garret-living pinko Artist types not getting a big enough slice of the Arts Funding and prepared to go to great lengths to get it.

Whatever else it did, the Picasso de-acquisition put Art. on the Front Page. For a nanosecond, ART was NEWS. Eventually, the painting was returned, no-one was hurt (thank God!) and Art was shoved back up the rear end of the newspaper with the Truck Ads where it belonged. But was the story really so simple? Professor E. Karpensky, Director of Fine Arts, Mangler Institute, has another theory.

Pluralist Attack - The Karpensky Theory

You are no doubt aware of the Australian Cultural Terrorists recent de-installation, entitled "Removed to A.C.T.", which created international interest and shook the conservative art establishment in a way which has rarely been seen since the 30's.

In a pluralist attack on the hierarchical system of the artist as a capitalist icon, the A.C.T. was in fact substituting a minimalist work, "Removed To A.C.T.", for that of Picasso's decadent work,

"Weeping Woman". The anonymity of the "Removed to A.C.T." is the key to any post Marxist interpretation of the daring substitution.

The multi millionaire Picasso, the century's most famous artist, is thus swapped for a ready-made; and half a century later Dada is still able to slap Cubism in the face. As art reflects society, this unique de-installation has introduced hijackism to the world of high art and created a precedent that will be difficult, though not impossible, for other artists to emulate.

Mounting Pedestals - The Picasso Factor

But the implications of this act by the Australian Cultural Terrorists do not end here. There is more at stake in this thing than having an original Picasso in your leaking, mould-covered lounge room or garret for two weeks.

Picasso himself cared little for the pedestals on which modern art galleries mount themselves, built by self centred politicians to prove their cultural awareness. Once asked about his concern over the number of Picasso forgeries that were appearing, Picasso simply replied that he was unconcerned as many of the forgers were probably friends of his.

Ironical then, that an installation that made a mockery out of the Art Gallery of Victoria involved, of all people, Picasso, an artist who would have been highly amused by the confusion.

PROFESSOR E. KARPENSKI
Mangler Institute

AN UNUSUAL ACT OF AMPLEXUS IN BUFO MARINUS

Amplexus is the term used to describe the sexual clasping of many amphibians preceding egg laying and fertilization. A typical amphibian (frog or toad, in particular) situation where amplexus occurs might be described as follows:-

The males arrive first at the breeding locality, which is usually some form of freshwater, viz. a lake, stream, pool, or even some very temporary standing water. When the males have themselves situated in the water and conditions appear right for breeding (usually at night during rain or under very wet conditions) they begin a vocal chorus which has the effect of luring in a sexually mature female to the male.

Great Gripping Ability

The actual act of amplexus, which consists of the male placing himself on the back of the female and grasping her very securely in the region just behind her forelimbs with his forelimbs, normally occurs soon after the female arrives and may last for considerable periods (an entire night). To assist the male in grasping the female the "thumbs" of both fore feet become greatly enlarged (and often darker in colour) which facilitates greater gripping ability.

It has been shown that male frogs and toads usually grasp objects that meet three requirements:

- proper size, that is a girth of such dimensions that the male's fore limbs can be placed around it properly
- there is a certain amount of resistance or firmness to the body of the grasped animal
- that the grasped animal utters no sound. Very often males are grasped by other males, but when the characteristic alarm note of the male is given they are promptly released.

The stimulation of the male's presence causes the female to lay her eggs and when they enter the water they are fertilized by the male secreting a sperm containing fluid directly into the water also. This is thusly a completely external type of fertilization.

Stiff Limbs

On December 27, 1959 on a dirt road 3 miles East of Bingil Bay, an adult male toad (195 gm. 135 mm. snout-vent) was observed during amplexus with an adult female (? gm. 145 mm. snout-vent) in the middle of the road. At least three factors appeared quite unique about this situation.

First the female was dead and had been for some time. It appeared that she had fallen victim to a car which is the fate of so many along the highways. The limbs were already stiff, abdomen greatly distended, and there was a smell of putrefaction.

Secondly, of course, it appears strange that the male should be so intent as to fail to observe the female's condition, but more surprising was the position assumed by the male; that of stomach to stomach contact rather than stomach (his) to back (hers). This latter condition is probably not too difficult to explain if we assume, as we almost have to, that the female was killed or fatally wounded and ended up on her back, the position she maintained. It also seems reasonable to assume the tactile stimulation received from the dead female in a reversed position was sufficient to cause the male to attempt and continue normal amplexus.

Why Don't We Do It In The Road

Thirdly, the time and place we encountered this pair was unusual. It was at 1400 hours on a sunny afternoon, but even more interesting was the location - the middle of the road. The proper fertilization and development of the eggs depends on their being in water so this particular locale was completely unsuitable.

In fact the nearest freshwater was at a considerable distance.

One possible explanation for the male's performance was that he was on his way to the freshwater and came across the female dead in the road. The sexual drive appears strong enough in these toads to explain his accepting her, but his continuance through a possible eight hours of daylight seems rather strange.

At the time of observation there appeared to be no lessening of the male's drive as was shown by picking up the female by one leg and having the male hang on with great tenacity emitting the alarm note continuously, normally indicating a state of strong amplexus.

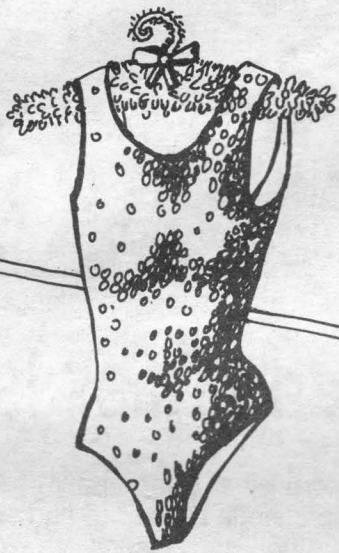
DANIEL C. WILHOLFT

This article first appeared in *The North Queensland Naturalist* Vol 29 No. 126 December 22 1960



ONE STOP TOAD SHOP

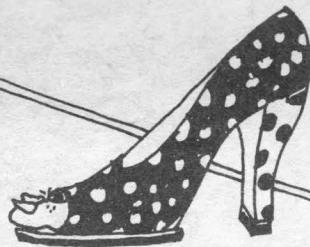
For all your Toad Requirements



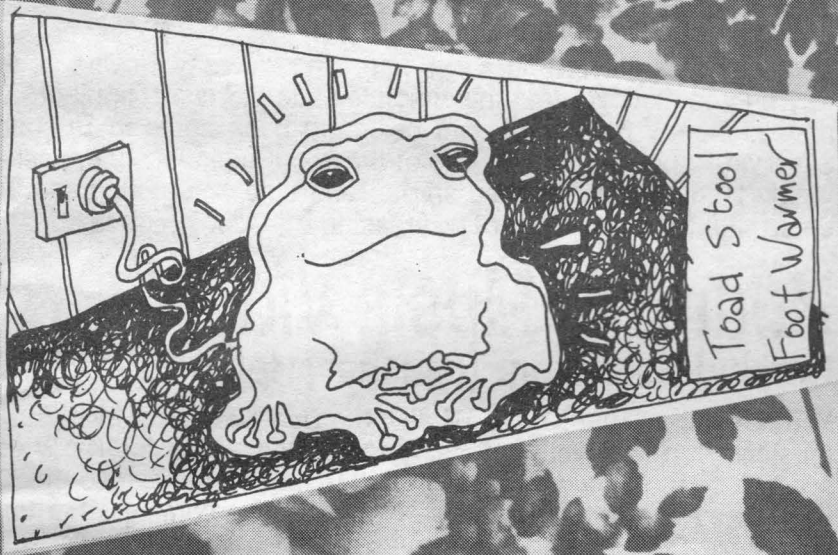
Cane Toad Skin Swim Suit



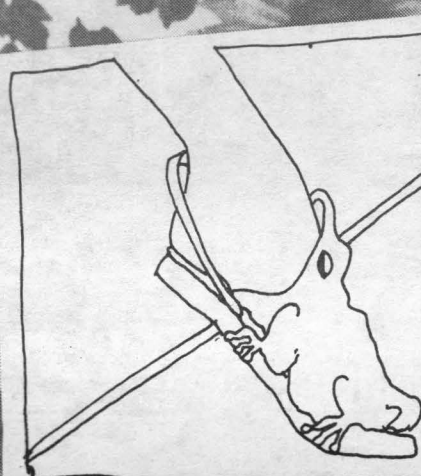
Cane Toad Hot Water Bottle



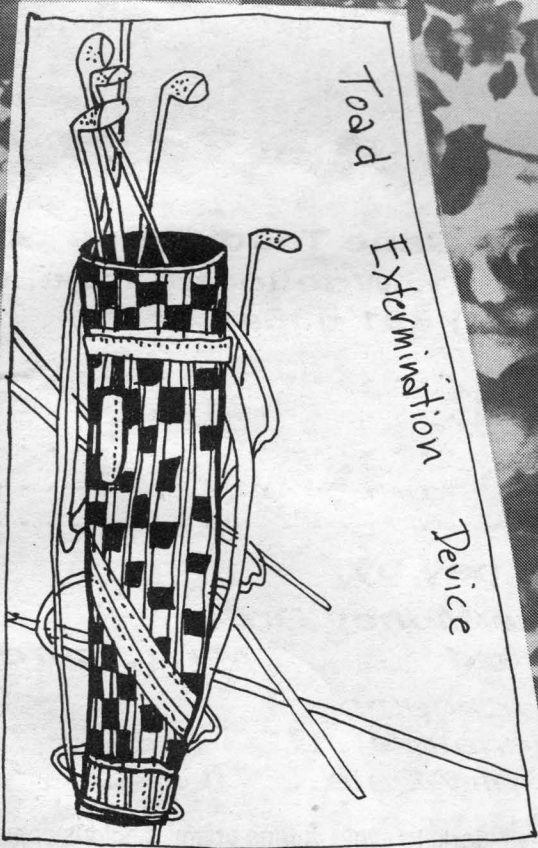
Open Toad Shoes #1



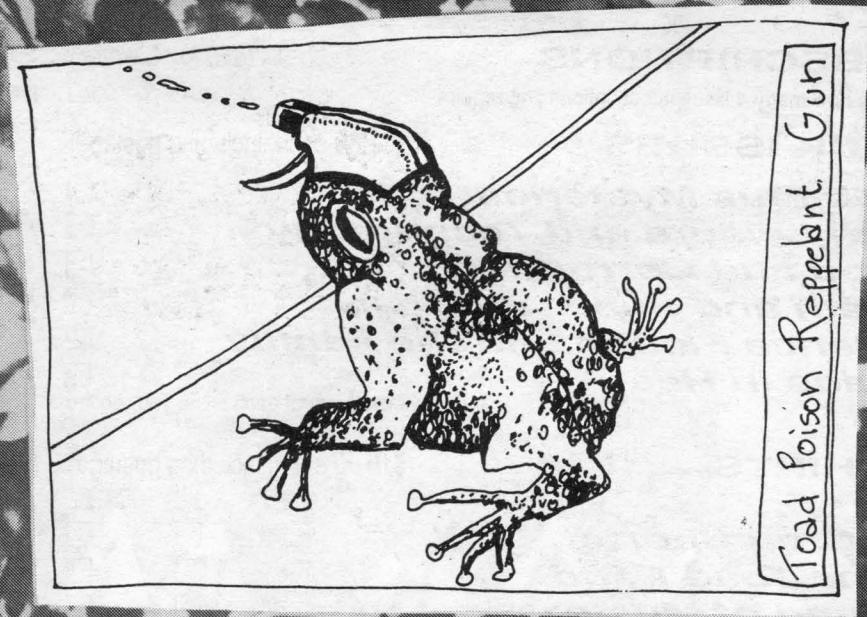
Toad Stool
Foot Warmer



Open Toad Shoes #2



Toad Extermination Device



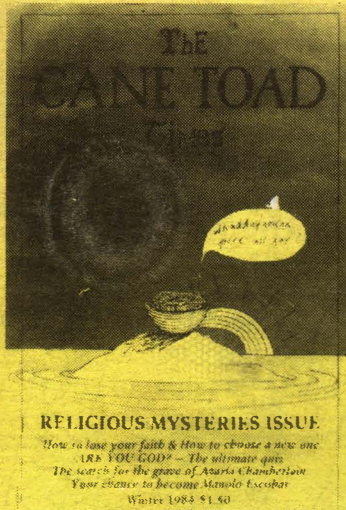
Toad Poison Repellant Gun

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